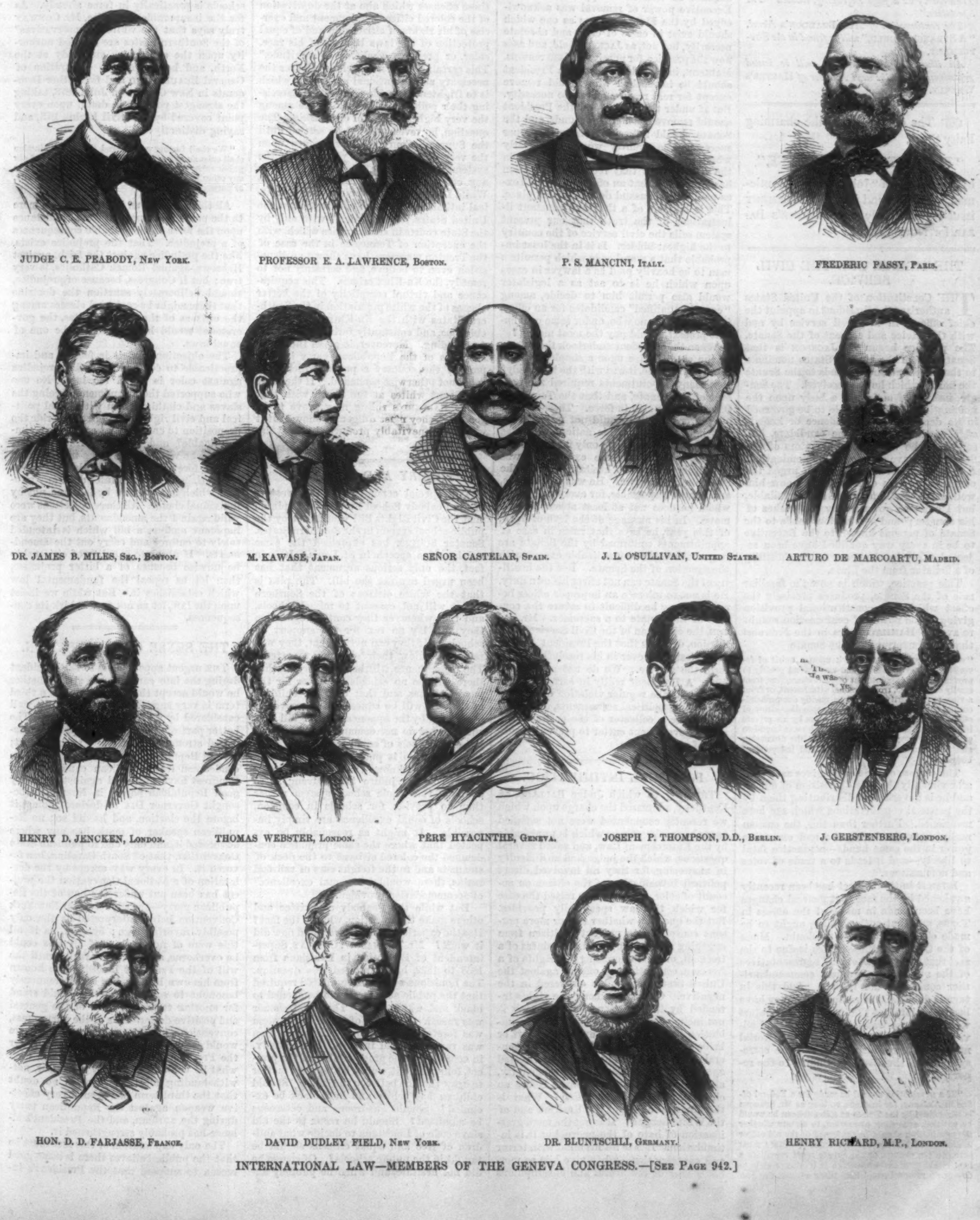
Genl Por

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVIII.—No. 933.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



JUDGE C. E. PEABODY, NEW YORK. PROFESSOR E. A. LAWRENCE, BOSTON. P. S. MANCINI, ITALY. FREDERIC PASSY, PARIS.

DR. JAMES B. MILES, SEC., BOSTON. M. KAWASÉ, JAPAN. SEÑOR CASTELAR, SPAIN. J. L. O'SULLIVAN, UNITED STATES. ARTURO DE MARCOARTU, MADRID.

HENRY D. JENCKEN, LONDON. THOMAS WEBSTER, LONDON. PÈRE HYACINTHE, GENEVA. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., BERLIN. J. GERSTENBERG, LONDON.

HON. D. D. FARJASSE, FRANCE. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, NEW YORK. DR. BLUNTSCHLI, GERMANY. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., LONDON.

INTERNATIONAL LAW—MEMBERS OF THE GENEVA CONGRESS.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a beautiful double-page engraving from Stanfield's painting of the Battle of Trafalgar, and a page engraving, entitled "The Spectators."

The continuation of MISS BRADDON'S *Novel,* "A STRANGE WORLD," *will be found in the* SUPPLEMENT.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ The conclusion of the charming Fairy Story,

"THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE,"

by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," will be found in the SUPPLEMENT issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR for November 28.

THE SENATE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE Constitution of the United States authorizes the President to appoint the chief officers in the civil service by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The practice begun by **JACKSON** is that Senators from the various States nominate to the President and he sends to the Senate the names which he has received. The Senate, instead of acting as a body upon the nomination, makes it a rule to be governed in its decision not by evidence or knowledge of the fitness of the candidate, but solely by the word of the Senators of the State, who have suggested the nomination. A Senator said to a friend who urged the confirmation of a candidate, "I know him well, and know him to be fit and available, but I must be governed by the wishes of his Senator;" and nominations made to the Senate of persons known to the Executive to be in every way qualified have been rejected solely in obedience to the hostility of a Senator from the State.

This practice, which is now the familiar rule of the Senate, produces precisely the effect which the constitutional provision giving it the power of confirmation sought to avoid. **HAMILTON** says in the *Federalist* that the concurrence of the Senate

> "would be an excellent check upon [illegible] spirit of favoritism in the President, and [illegible] greatly to preventing the appointment [illegible] characters, from family connection, from personal attachment, or from a view to popularity. It will be readily comprehended that a man who had himself the sole disposition of offices would be governed much more by his private inclinations and interests than when he was bound to submit the propriety of his choice to the discussion and determination of a different and independent body."

The custom of the Senate gives each Senator virtually the sole disposition of offices, and he is governed in distributing them by the personal considerations which are here mentioned. Further than this, the custom really vests the legislative and executive power in the same hands—a practice fatal to liberty—and it leads to a trade of votes and nominations.

Interest in this subject has been recently awakened by the fact that general changes have been made in many of the offices in Texas, and that such changes ought to be made elsewhere there is no doubt. Much of the trouble in those States is due to the fact that many of the official representatives of the national government command neither confidence nor respect. And this in turn is due to the other fact that they have been appointed at the instance of Senators whose purpose was their own political advantage, and whose word the Senatorial majority obsequiously obeyed. The correspondent of the *Times*, in alluding to the report, says:

> "If a nomination should be made for a Federal office in Alabama, for instance, so long as Mr. **SPENCER** is recognized by the Senate as a Republican he would be entitled, according to custom, to dictate whether the nomination should be confirmed or the old officer retained. Either the Senator from the State must agree to the change, or the Senate must repudiate a long-established custom—which it is always slow to do—or no removal could take place without the preferment of charges, and proof in each case of fraud or crime. The carrying on of reform does not, in the case of appointments on which the Senate has to act, lie wholly or chiefly in the power of the Executive."

The last remark is true. But it does lie wholly in the power of the Executive to throw the responsibility of retaining bad officers and of rejecting good ones upon the Senate. And a President heartily in earnest to purify and elevate the service would not hesitate for an instant to do so.

We do not raise the constitutional question as to the sole Executive right of removal. The law at present declares that every officer who has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate may hold until a successor shall have been appointed in the same way. And this law, which **ANDREW JOHNSON** vainly vetoed, is undoubtedly in harmony with the intention of those who framed the Constitution, for the *Federalist* says distinctly that the consent of the Senate would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint. But the Executive power of removal was acknowledged by the First Congress as one which should exist in cases of clear and absolute necessity, but not, as **JACKSON** held, and as is now the practice, for purely partisan reasons. **MADISON**, indeed, declared that a President should be impeached who should remove except for real reasons of public necessity. But if under the present law the President should remove upon good grounds, and the Senate should refuse to confirm a proper successor, the country would see clearly where the responsibility lay. The letter in the *Times* states that recent examination has discovered that an office-holder in Texas paid four thousand dollars for his place. This is but one of a thousand constant illustrations of the truth that our present system sells the civil service of the country to the highest bidder. Is it in the least improbable that a moral code which permits a man to be heavily paid as a lawyer in cases upon which he is to act as a legislator would also permit him to decide, among "equally qualified" candidates for an office, in favor of the one who, under some convenient pretext, would pay the most money?

When the President undertook the reform of the civil service upon a simple and reasonable principle, it was with the knowledge that many appointments required the consent of the Senate, and that the Tenure of Office Act was still in force. These limited his power, but they could not properly affect his purpose nor his action. He was morally bound to remove only for legitimate reasons, but when those existed he was equally bound not to hesitate because the Senate might oppose. He was responsible, and is now responsible, for every bad officer whom he does not at least attempt to remove. In his message of the 18th of April, of this year, he says that rules in case of appointments confirmed by the Senate are in great measure impracticable except with the sanction of the Senate. But the hostility of the Senate can not affect his own duty. He is not to tolerate an improper officer because it may be difficult to secure the consent of the Senate to a successor. Mr. **EATON**, the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, declares that the President is more in earnest than ever in his resolution to reform the service. We do not agree with him. A President really in earnest would not permit the regular violation of his rule prohibiting political assessments, nor would he tolerate a collector of the customs who uses a government cutter to prevent a quorum of a Legislature.

POLITICAL INTIMIDATION.

THE jury to which Judge **BALLARD**, of Kentucky, addressed the charge upon which we recently commented were not satisfied as to the precise offense which is punishable by the Enforcement Law, and asked several questions, which the judge had no difficulty in answering, for they all involved direct political intimidation of the citizen on account of color, and therefore raised the case for which the law specifically provides. But the question whether two or more persons conspiring to prevent a citizen from engaging in the occupation or business of a freeman, or from exercising the rights of a freeman, committed an offense against the United States, the judge answered in the negative. Of course among the rights intended by the question that of voting is not included. But what is political intimidation? Must it be a threat or assault or bribe at or about the polls? Is not a general system of harrying and terror directed against a certain class in the community, although it may be for months before an election, political intimidation? What is the practical object of the Ku-Klux and of the White League? It is not the mere gratification of hate of the negro, but it is intimidation. It is to fill his mind with terror and apprehension, and to give him so morbid a fear of the brutal and unscrupulous hostility of the white community that he will not dare to appear at the polls to vote against the Democrats, and be marked and "spotted" for further discipline. The object is by such means to secure the political control in the hands of the "Conservatives" or the Democrats in order to aid a national Democratic restoration, which would repeal all laws enforcing the amendments, and under the pretense of "home rule" reduce the colored population to a system of negro codes and vagrant laws without a hope or chance of relief.

The intention of the amendments, as we have before stated, was to hold a door open into the States by which the national government could, in an emergency, always enter in defense of the liberty which under extraordinary circumstances had been conferred upon the negroes. Mr. Justice **BRADLEY**, upon whose opinion in the Grant Parish case Judge **BALLARD** evidently relies, says, "The duty of Congress in the creation and punishment of offenses is limited to those offenses which aim at the deprivation of the colored citizen's enjoyment and exercise of his rights of citizenship and of equal protection of the laws because of his race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This certainly does not exclude offenses the necessary and intentional purpose of which is to frighten the colored men from exercising their political rights, which are among the very highest rights of citizenship. The question, however, will not be settled until the Supreme Court shall pronounce upon the very point. But it is plain that if the systematic harrying of the colored race in any community by the Ku-Klux and the White League is not to be considered political intimidation and an offense against the United States, it can be dealt with only by the State courts in communities which, with the exception of Tennessee in the case of the Trenton massacre, have shown no disposition even to believe, and certainly not to remedy, the Ku-Klux crimes. This acquiescence and virtual complicity of the better classes of the white population in the Southern States with the Ku-Klux is most mischievous, and constantly forbids a good understanding. Moreover, it gives the worst elements of the Republican party in that part of the country a power which they could not otherwise command. If the more intelligent whites at the South wish that Judge **BALLARD'S** ruling may prove to be good law, they must diligently show that it would not inevitably produce the most flagrant injustice.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE special committee of the trustees of the Peabody School Fund are of opinion that the Civil Rights Bill would destroy the public-school system in the Southern States. Senator **SCHURZ** has expressed the same opinion in a speech in St. Louis. It is, in fact, the only serious argument that has been urged against the bill. The plea is that the white citizens of the Southern States will not consent to mixed schools, and that wherever they control legislation they will lay no tax for the support of schools, or if they can not do that, they will refuse to allow their children to attend. The consequence will be, it is alleged, that there will be no schools whatever for the poorer classes, and that only the children of the rich will be educated. Moreover, it is asserted by the opponents of the bill that equal rights do not demand mixed schools, but only schools of equal excellence. This last suggestion is puerile. Every man of common-sense knows that in a community where color prejudice is so strong as to abandon the whole school system rather than to provide for schools in common, schools of equal excellence are simply impossible. It might as reasonably be expected that where the same prejudice condemned the colored citizens to the deck of steamers and to the freight cars of railroad trains, there would be "equal excellence" of accommodation provided.

But while the Peabody committee and others make the assertion, what is the fact? Has the experiment been tried? and how did it work? Mr. **THOMAS W. CONWAY**, Superintendent of Education in Louisiana from 1868 to 1872, has answered this question. The Louisiana constitution of 1868 required that the public schools should be opened to black and white alike. The usual clamor was raised. The ruin of the school system was foretold as it is now. The opposition was rancorous and intense. Mr. **CONWAY**, in considering the practicability of the project, found that it would be no easy matter to draw the line between the colors. Should children half white and half black be excluded? Should quadroons and octoroons be admitted? Should he recur to the old slave code of Louisiana to decide what children of free and equal citizens should be taught in the public schools? Of course he did not hesitate, and when he publicly announced the opening of the schools to all, he was assailed on every hand with threats of assassination. At first some of the white children were kept away by their parents, for there was no antagonism among the children themselves; but very soon they returned, and "the year actually closed with a larger number of white pupils in the schools than ever before."

Mr. **CONWAY** adds:

> "A little over a year ago, when in New Orleans, I took pains to visit some of the largest and best schools of the city, then under the charge of the Hon. Mr. **BROWN**, my successor. I saw some of the children of the best white citizens of the city sitting alongside of colored children, and I may add that the latter were as neatly clad and as well behaved as the former. I ascertained that there were colored pupils in every school in New Orleans, and that there was no trouble whatever from that source."

While this is the situation in Louisiana, Judge **GREEN**, who, although a Civil Rights Republican, was supported by the Democrats for Governor of South Carolina, says that in that State the system of mixed schools is practically in force already. As for the insuperable prejudice, Mr. **CONWAY** truly says that the white "Conservatives" of the Southern States are as good authority upon the subject as any body at the North, and he quotes the declaration of General **BEAUREGARD** and four other Democrats in New Orleans in July, 1873, taking the strongest position in detail upon every point covered by the Civil Rights Bill, and saying distinctly:

> "We shall further recommend that no distinction shall exist among citizens of Louisiana in any of our public schools or State institutions of learning, or in any other public institution supported by State, city, or parishes."

All this seems to us to be very much more to the point than speculations at a distance upon the force or the probable consequences of a prejudice. That the prejudice exists, like the prejudice against the Irish, against Hebrews, against Roman Catholics, is very true; but if Congress, because of prejudice, should deliberately sanction the doctrine that there might be caste and classes among the citizens of the United States, the government would have ceased to be one of equal laws.

The objection that it is foolish and impracticable to contend with the prejudice against color is urged too late. No one who supported the amendments freeing the slaves and clothing them with equal political and civil rights can logically deride the proposition to enforce that equality as "impracticable" and "ideal." And no one, again, who wishes to take the negro out of politics forever can consistently insist upon stigmatizing him as an inferior in any relation which is regulated by law and not by individual choice. All these objections were valid against the amendments, but they are impotent against a bill which is intended solely to enforce and carry out the amendments. If absolute equality of citizenship be unwise because of a bitter prejudice, then let us repeal the fundamental law which establishes it. But while we insist upon the law, let us not try to shirk its consequences.

THE SENSE OF A SENSATION.

THE urgent appeal made to the President during the late campaign to state whether he would accept the nomination for a third term is very suggestive, and should be well considered by all intelligent citizens. The better part of the Republican press has declared strongly against any such project; several Republican State Conventions have condemned it; Republican candidates for Congress have protested against it; many good Republican papers in New York besought Governor **DIX** to declare against it before the election, and he did so; no Republican speaker of mark has any where advocated it, and only one Republican State Convention, that of South Carolina, has favored it. In every way except by the declaration of a National Convention the project has been put under the ban of the Republican party—the silence of the New York Convention being interpreted as the only possibly favoring sign; but yet, as if all this were of no avail, as if all this could be overborne, as if all were futile until the will of the President himself were known from his own lips, he has been strenuously besought to say whether he would stand for another term. In view of the general and positive declarations of the party press, conventions, candidates, and orators, there would seem not to be the least necessity for the President to say that he did not wish what he could not possibly get. But, notwithstanding all this, there is no doubt that the third term has been a very effective weapon against the Republican party during the autumn, and the President's silence has probably strengthened it.

The only explanation of this fact must be that the public believes there is some good reason to suppose that the President's individual desire can in some way prevail against the convictions of the best men and the most powerful presses of the party; that he can somehow impose his will upon it, and compel, as the *Evening Post* says, his renomination or the destruction of the party. If the Executive really has this power, whether General Grant would use it or not, it is a very alarming fact. It shows a popular belief that an expansion and extension of power of which the statesmen of a former period spoke with the gravest apprehension has been accomplished. It shows a public conviction, not a speculation or fancy, that a President can virtually command his own re-election or throw the government into the hands of the opposition. We said several months since that the serious suggestion of a third term for General Grant must inevitably rend the Republican party asunder. There would be the same kind of secession from it, but infinitely larger, that there was from the Democratic party in Free-soil days. Meanwhile, however, whatever the feeling of the President may be, it is plain that he would be the most unavailable candidate of his party, and the knowledge of that fact would shake the fidelity of those upon whom he must count to secure a renomination. The theory is that the placemen would support him who is the source of appointment in order that they might retain their places. But the condition of retention would not be nomination, but election; and when it was perfectly clear that such a nomination would insure defeat, it would not be made.

While, therefore, the feeling of the country is so very strong upon the subject, no President will be elected for a third term. But his power through the patronage is none the less vast and capable of seriously deranging the political situation. And there has been no more immediate, practical, and conclusive argument for a radical reform of the service than the demand that the President's position upon the question of a third term shall be authoritatively stated. Is it not worth while so to order the civil service that the mere suggestion of a third term shall be made as absurd always and in itself as it is in the case of General Grant, who probably had no conception of the deep and dark designs that he meditated until he read of them in the newspapers?

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

There was one fact in the late campaign that is very significant. It was the disposition, more decided than for a very long time, to nominate men whose characters and careers would bear the closest scrutiny. The personal character of the heads of the two tickets in New York was irreproachable, and throughout the country there was a plain perception upon the part of the managers that they must avoid all candidates who had been in any way tainted even by suspicion. This, of course, was not universal, but it was a marked tendency of the campaign. It was in itself an evidence that mere party ties were held to be relaxed, and an augury that for the time, at least, it was felt that honesty is the best policy. Undoubtedly one of the evils of our political system is the difficulty with which the people make themselves felt in conventions and nominations. The general intelligence and rectitude of the community may be trusted, or we should be very near our national catastrophe; but it is a reserved rather than a perpetually active power. The necessity of acting through a party, and the time and care necessary for managing the party machinery, result in leaving the voter only the choice of an alternative which is not of his own making.

Thus in the city of New York the great mass of the Democratic voters know nothing whatever of the candidates or principles which they support. They vote the Tammany ticket, and, as Mr. John Cochrane once said, they would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. This is an extreme illustration. In the Southern States it is, of course, much the same thing. But in times of great general discontent, like the present, or in some great emergency, as that of the war or the overthrow of the Tammany Ring, the managers take the alarm and strive to satisfy public opinion by presenting honorable candidates. It is a worthy subject for the consideration of those who are really interested in good government how to secure the constant nomination of proper candidates. Parties are very much judged by their representative men; and the national dominance of the Republicans would have been much more assured if the real character and purposes of the great mass of Republicans had been always carefully regarded in nominations. It is the best, not the worst, part of a party that vitalizes it.

Of course, as experience often proves, good nominations, like good resolutions, may be made too late, and then failure may sometimes seem to show that honesty wins not more than corruption. But because a stout ship may sometimes sink, its fate does not show the wisdom of putting to sea in a sieve. The commonplace axiom of the copy-book that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty is full of profound significance. The logical moral is that in a free country every man must make serious sacrifices of time and labor and taste if he would have the government what it should be. Personal activity and a resolute insistence upon the reform of all systems and methods that give the bummers and the knaves and plunderers an advantage over honest men, with a steady refusal to vote for unworthy candidates, are the safeguards of free institutions.

A JESUIT STATE.

The fourth volume of Mr. Parkman's historical series upon France and England in North America is just published under the title of *The Old Régime in Canada*. It is a tale full of research, of literary skill, of interest, and of suggestion. As we recently said of Mr. Motley's *John of Barneveld* that it was a book for Americans especially to ponder, so we say of this work of Mr. Parkman's, which shows us a community founded by an absolute Church and an absolute king and bigot. The historian's previous volume upon the Jesuits in North America showed the heroic constancy of men who were changed by religious fervor and the most rigorous ecclesiastical despotism into stoics. Even the Indians were amazed by the smiling contempt of the fathers for the cruelest torments. The present work reveals another aspect of the Jesuit power and influence, and in his preface Mr. Parkman says that out of the tomb of Canadian absolutism come voices not without suggestion even to us. "Extremes meet, and Autocracy and Democracy often touch hands, at least in their vices."

The great fact in the Canadian settlement, as wherever the Church of Rome is supreme, is the want of freedom. The story illustrates the worthlessness and the weakness of a paternal government. And yet of a country which was always under the most absolute ecclesiastical and political rule the Jesuit Charleroix wrote, "The Canadians breathe from their birth an air of liberty." A Jesuit knows no more of freedom than the blind of color. The governor was a military noble, and the intendant was really the government spy upon him. These two, with the Supreme Council, were absolute masters under the king. The Council was composed of the governor and the bishop and five councilors chosen by them. A very interesting part of the present volume relates the story of the struggle of the Jesuit Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, with the royal governors for ascendency in the government; and the picture of Laval is a very striking and vivid portrait.

Of course trade and industry depended upon the direct aid of the government. No new enterprise was begun without a petition to the king for help. Yet the colony, with all the fostering, languished, and the historian describes the governor and the intendant as sturdy beggars. The chapter upon trade and industry is an interesting study of the failure of the paternal system; and in the closing chapter upon Canadian absolutism Mr. Parkman draws a brief and forcible contrast between the Canadian and New England settlements. He grants that the institutions of New England were utterly inapplicable to New France, and this was mainly because of the historical training of both peoples. The English training was that of political and religious independence, and the training of France was precisely the reverse. The English colonies, sprung from liberty, grew by the neglect of the mother country and by its traditions to be a great nation. The French colonies, offspring of a despotic Church, took no real hold of the continent.

Freedom, says the historian, is for those who are fit for it. But freedom also makes men fit to be free. Despotism will never train nations for liberty. A paternal government keeps the people children, and its fatal rule will last until some of the children take the risk of changing it. Mr. Parkman suggests that the different training of the English and the French is due to the essential difference of race. "With England came Protestantism"—material growth, mental activity, a real education, a warm and generous patriotism. "A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms." The author who has told this compact and nervous tale will be vehemently denounced by the despotism whose nature and necessary results he exposes; but he has the happy consciousness that in publishing a work which will increase his just fame as a historian, he has done also a signal public service.

PERSONAL.

The refusal of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, lately in session, to confirm the election of the Rev. Dr. Seymour to the episcopate is not the first instance of the kind that has occurred in the history of the American Church, as many seem to suppose. In 1801 the General Convention refused to confirm the election (by the diocese of New Jersey) of the Rev. Dr. Ogden, who a few years afterward joined the Presbyterians; second, in 1844 the General Convention refused to confirm the election of the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks as Bishop of Mississippi; third, the Convention refused to confirm the election of the Rev. James B. Britton as Assistant Bishop of Illinois; fourth, in 1865 the Convention refused to confirm the nomination (by the House of Bishops) of Rev. M. C. Lightner as Missionary Bishop of Colorado, and Rev. R. I. Parvin as Missionary Bishop of Nevada. Bishops and assistant bishops are elected by dioceses. Missionary bishops are nominated by the House of Bishops and sent to the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies for confirmation.

—Was it a part of the eternal fitness of things that in Missouri a few days since a Mr. Crabtree should have been hanged to an oak?

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, seems to be just now the brightest star in the Episcopal firmament, judging from figures. During the past year a Philadelphia congregation has invitingly held up a $20,000 per annum purse to him, and a New York parish has put forth a $15,000 persuader. Both have been declined. They are building for him in Boston a new church, not of the "pointed ironic" order, which is to cost a million; and the people of that parish are to be his people. Besides, Mr. B. is understood to be personally pecunious.

—Queen Charlotte, wife of the King of the Friendly Islands, is a Methodist class-leader, and the king is a licensed local preacher of the same denomination. It is not much of a kingdom—only 25,000 inhabitants—and its only productions are earthquakes and bananas. When pagans they cut off their little fingers and toes as propitiatory offerings to their gods, but when the Wesleyans established a missionary station there in 1827 they stopped the surgery, made them wear clothes, set up a printing-press, taught them the multiplication table, and how to trade off cocoa-nut oil.

—George Vandenhoff, who has been performing Macbeth at Booth's Theatre to the Lady Macbeth of Miss Cushman, played the same character with her in London in 1854. He also played it at the old Park Theatre in 1842, and at the Astor Place Opera-house in 1850.

—Mr. George T. Downing, whose name has become interwoven with American history in connection with the various varieties of the consolatory oyster, and who has been on terms of respectful tenderness with oyster-loving men during the last fifty years, is about to "open" something, by special invitation of citizens of Newport, on the late Senator Sumner.

—Commenting on the circumstance that Mr. Lea, of Nashville, would not perhaps be pleased at seeing his name printed Lee in the Tennessee *News*, Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says, "But what is to be done when the proof-reader and copy-holder are both violent men, each weighing two hundred pounds, and both of them eating raw meat?"

—Vice-President Wilson thinks he will preside in the Senate this winter, though his doctor thinks he had better not, and advises a spring trip to Europe. That too would be dangerous. They would worry him as a lion.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor's new volume, *Egypt and Iceland in the Year* 1874, is dedicated "To Whitelaw Reid, who, succeeding Horace Greeley as Editor of the New York *Tribune*, succeeds him also as the Author's Friend."

—Mr. Charles H. Webb, one of the most amusing men on the planet, dedicates his forthcoming book "To the Bald-headed, that noble and shining Army of Martyrs." Entertaining the idea that "loss of hair is caused by loss of sleep," he offers them his book as an intellectual poppy, believing (to use his own words) that in his wake shall follow "tired nature's hair restorer, balmy sleep!"

—Monsignor Montour, formerly private chaplain to Napoleon III., is dead. He has bequeathed $30,000 to the Prince Imperial, and the same amount to the Pope.

—The medallion of John Wesley which, with Dean Stanley's consent, is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, much to the disgust of the extreme ritualists, or "millinery men," as they are termed by spiteful heretics, is nearly ready, and the bass-relief under the profile will represent the great original as preaching at his father's grave.

—A bronze medallion of William H. Seward, the gift of ex-President Woolsey and Professor Silliman, has been hung in the Yale College library.

—The *Methodist* has some curious facts to show that the preachers of that Church are not noticeable for longevity. Robert Emory, one of its early bishops and most brilliant preachers, died in his thirty-fourth year of consumption, brought on by excessive labor. Olin, Floy, M'Clintock, Kingsley, Clark, Thomson, Hagany, Nadal, Eddy, and Cookman were all under sixty when they died.

—It is proposed to erect, at the coming Centennial in 1876, a monument to the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The *Presbyterian* says: "It seems to be a most fitting thing that the great Church of which Dr. Witherspoon was so notable an ornament should, at the approaching Centennial of our national life, erect some memorial of our part in the event which the country will then commemorate. How conspicuous and honorable that part was need not here be mentioned. But could it possibly have a happier memorial than a monument of the clergyman who set his hand to our Magna Charta?"

—In one of Dr. Prime's letters from the East, published in the New York *Observer*, he says: "On the beach where was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, the steamer in which we were journeying made a landing. There was no town there, no wharf, no people. The merchandise and passengers were put ashore in a lighter which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels with their drivers lay on the beach to transport the goods into the interior. The chief article landed was in several barrels marked distinctly 'Boston Rum.' These barrels were to be hoisted upon the backs of the camels and taken to Antioch. We sat on a barrel and mused upon the progress of Christianity and civilization."

—Mr. John Austin Stevens, who died a few days since in this city, came of good old stock. His father, General Ebenezer Stevens, was one of the Boston Tea-Party, then a distinguished officer of the Continental army, and after the war a leading New York merchant. His mother was a sister of the gallant Colonel Ledyard, who was butchered with his command at Groton, Connecticut, by the expedition under the traitor Arnold. In the early part of the late war Mr. Stevens took an active and influential part in the great financial movements of the time, by which the government credit was maintained and the sinews of war constantly supplied.

—In the preface to the speeches of Lord Lytton, just published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, is the following singular self-analysis, written by Lord Lytton at the age of forty-three, and intended to describe his own deficiencies as a man of action. "I am too irresolute," he writes, "and easily persuaded, except when my *honor or sense of duty makes me obstinate.* I have so great a dread of giving pain that I have often submitted to be cheated to my face rather than wound the rogue's feelings by showing him that he was detected. I am indolent of body, though active of mind. I am *painfully thin-skinned and susceptible;* less so than I was in youth, but still too much so. I find it difficult to amalgamate with others and act with a party. The acting man should never be conscious of the absurdity and error which are more or less inseparable from every path of action. I am too impatient of subordination—an immense fault in the acting man. In all situations of command I act best when I have to defend others, not serve myself. I do not possess, or rather I have not cultivated (for no man can distinguish accurately between deficiencies from nature and those from disuse), the ready faculties in any proportion to my slower and more reflective ones. I have little repartee, my memory is slow, and my presence of mind not great. My powers of speaking are very uncertain, and very imperfectly developed. I have eloquence in me, and have spoken even as an orator, but not in the House of Commons. I can not speak without either preparation or the pressure of powerful excitement. It would cost me immense labor to acquire the ready, cool trick of words with little knowledge and no heart in them, which is necessary for a parliamentary debater. I might have acquired this once. Now it is too late."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

George Reynolds, of Salt Lake City, has been indicted for polygamy, and held for trial. This is the first indictment in Utah under the act of Congress, the former one having been found under the Territorial law. The case will probably be tried in the United States Supreme Court.

General Sheridan reports that the Indian war in the West is rapidly collapsing. Major Schofield, with his column, has captured on Elk Creek sixty-nine Noconee warriors and 2000 ponies. The party is said to be of the worst character.

John H. Anthon, Past Grand Master of Freemasons in the State of New York, and an eminent member of the bar in this city, died at Cooperstown on the 29th ult.

President Grant has issued a proclamation, setting apart Thursday, November 26, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Disastrous fires are sweeping through the forests of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Kullmann, the German Roman Catholic who attempted to kill Prince Bismarck recently, has been tried, convicted, and sentenced. He admitted his guilt, saying that he was fully conscious of the gravity of his crime and of its consequences, but had made the attempt because he regarded Bismarck as the originator of the present religious conflict. News of the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Posen suggested the killing. Now that he had thought more of the matter, he saw plainly he had committed a great crime. Counsel for the defense declared that the prisoner had become a fanatic through hearing violent lectures before the Catholic societies of which he was a member, and this, combined with hereditary affliction, produced a morbid state of mind, in which he was not responsible for his actions. The jury disregarded the plea, and found him guilty. He was then sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, ten years' suspension of civil rights, and to remain under surveillance for life.

The revolution in Buenos Ayres still goes on, and many of the government troops have joined the insurgents. The Congress of the Argentine Confederation has declared the republic in a state of siege, and voted the necessary money to enable the government to crush the rebellion. General Mitre sent to the government, from Montevideo, his resignation as brigadier. A sealed letter was returned, intimating that he would be arrested, but the general could not be found.

Venezuela has its revolution too. The provinces of Coro and Barcelona have risen against President Guzman Blanco. The insurgents are under the lead of Senors Poliria, Reira, and Pulido.

The Spanish government has made a demand, by virtue of the treaty of 1862, for the extradition as deserters of the crew of the steamer *Nieves*, recently seized by the French authorities on representations that she had on board contraband goods for the Carlists. The French journals resist the demand.

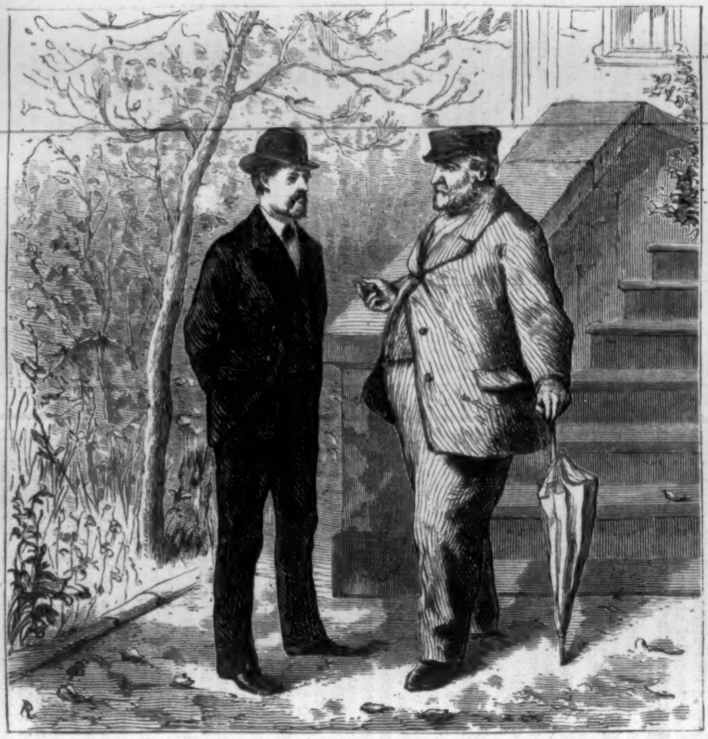
The Duke Decazes, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, said recently at a banquet given at Bordeaux: "President M'Mahon has intrusted me particularly to watch the maintenance of peace with other governments, and I shall not fail. Peace, however, must rest upon a basis compatible with our interests and dignity, viz., the rights of France. In respect to international treaties I claim that they have been strictly observed in the past, and I shall faithfully execute them in the future." The duke also foreshadowed the speedy conclusion of a treaty with the United States insuring a more liberal treatment of the commercial interests of the two countries, and said that he had similar objects in view with regard to the South American governments.

The German Reichstag was opened on the 29th ult. by the Emperor William in person. In the course of the royal speech the emperor declares that his relations with foreign powers are pacific and amiable, and that any temptation to employ the united power of the empire otherwise than for defense is far from his mind.

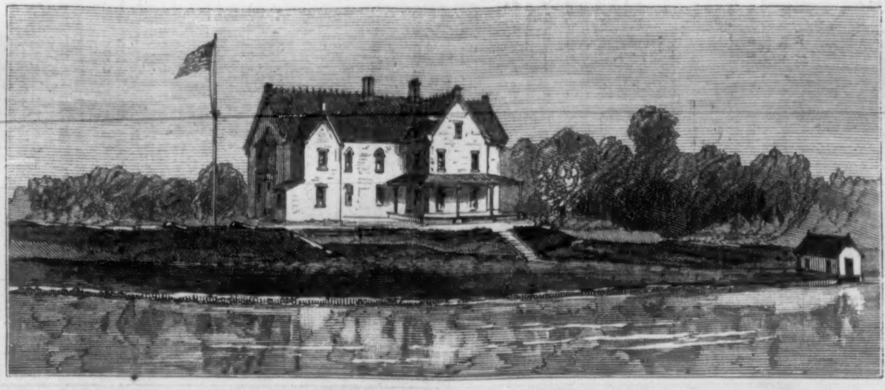
An English cotton mill in Over, County of Chester, was destroyed by fire on the 28th ult., and ten of the operatives being unable to escape were burned to death.

John Laird, the well-known ship-builder and member of the English Parliament for Birkenhead, died on the 29th ult., in his seventieth year.

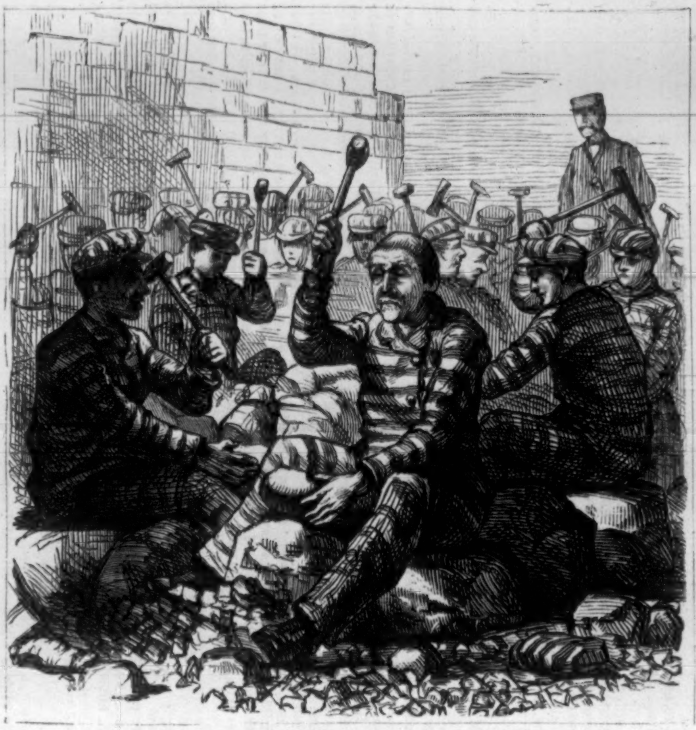
The preliminary examination of the Count von Arnim terminated on the 28th ult., after which he was released on bail of 100,000 thalers. He will probably go to Nice for his health. A reward of 50,000 thalers ($35,000 dollars) has been offered by Bismarck to any one who will reveal the hiding-place of the count's papers.



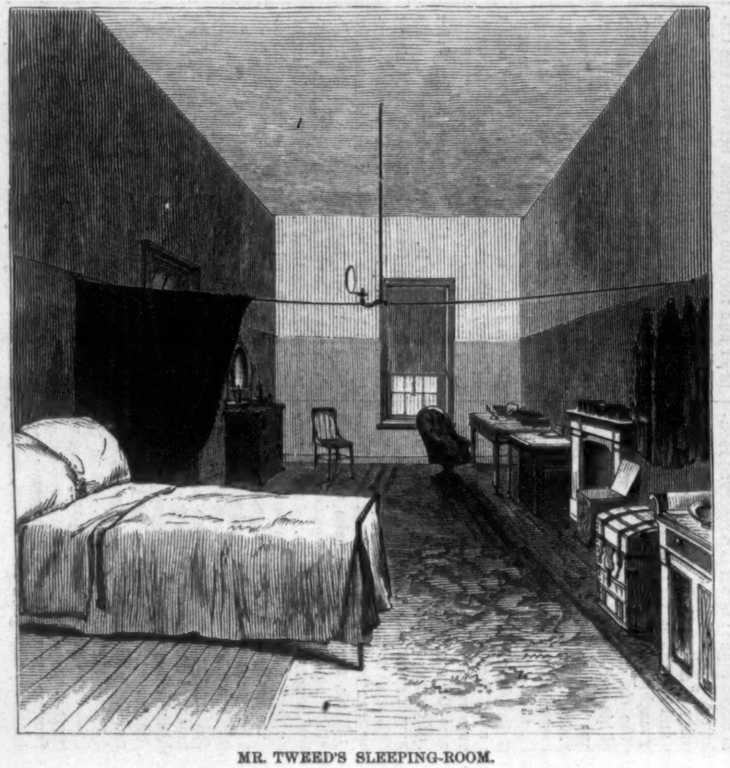
MR. TWEED'S WALKS WITH HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.



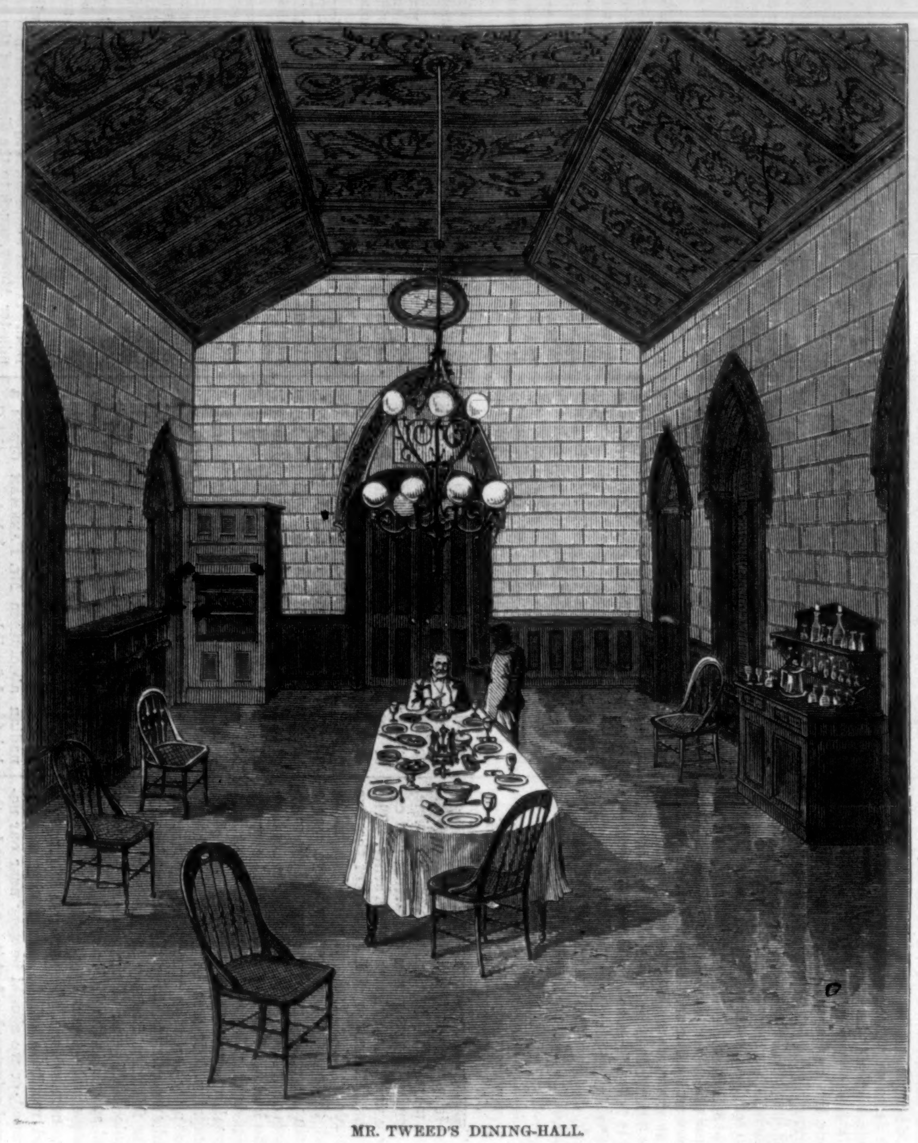
MR. TWEED'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



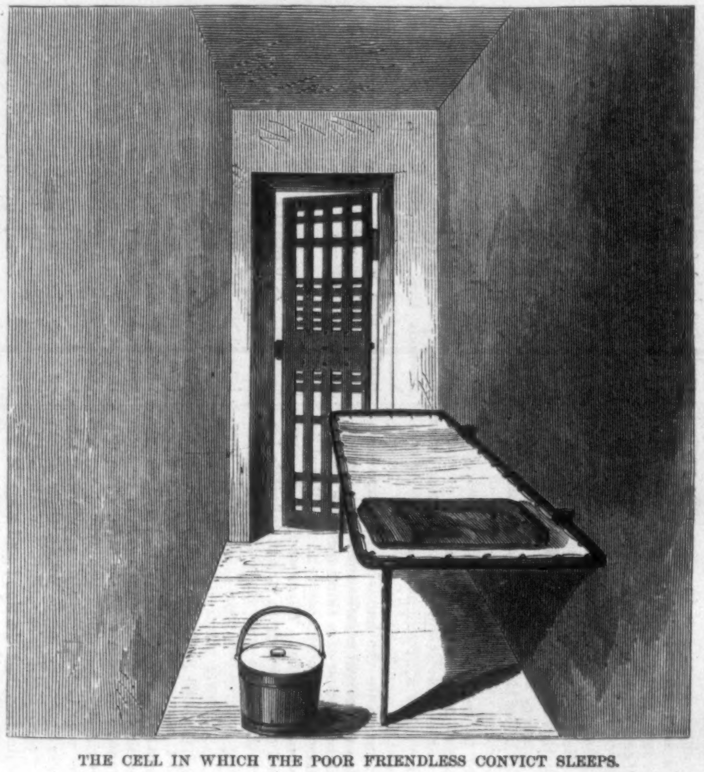
THE WAY THE POOR FRIENDLESS CONVICT IS TREATED.



MR. TWEED'S SLEEPING-ROOM.



MR. TWEED'S DINING-HALL.



THE CELL IN WHICH THE POOR FRIENDLESS CONVICT SLEEPS.

A "STATESMAN'S" RETREAT—WILLIAM M. TWEED'S PENITENTIARY LIFE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 934.]

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO LIFE.

MY first remembrance when I began to recover my senses was the remembrance of Pain—agonizing pain, as if every nerve in my body was being twisted and torn out of me. My whole being writhed and quivered under the dumb and dreadful protest of Nature against the effort to recall me to life. I would have given worlds to be able to cry out—to entreat the unseen creatures about me to give me back to death. How long that speechless agony held me I never knew. In a longer or a shorter time there stole over me slowly a sleepy sense of relief. I heard my own labored breathing. I felt my hands moving feebly and mechanically, like the hands of a baby. I faintly opened my eyes and looked round me—as if I had passed through the ordeal of death, and had awakened to new senses in a new world.

The first person I saw was a man—a stranger. He moved quietly out of my sight; beckoning, as he disappeared, to some other person in the room.

Slowly and unwillingly the other person advanced to the sofa on which I lay. A faint cry of joy escaped me; I tried to hold out my feeble hands. The other person who was approaching me was my husband!

I looked at him eagerly. He never looked at me in return. With his eyes on the ground, with a strange appearance of confusion and distress in his face, he too moved away out of my sight. The unknown man whom I had first noticed followed him out of the room. I called after him faintly, "Eustace!" He never answered; he never returned. With an effort I moved my head on the pillow, so as to look round on the other side of the sofa. Another familiar face appeared before me as if in a dream. My good old Benjamin was sitting watching me, with the tears in his eyes.

He rose and took my hand silently, in his simple kindly way.

"Where is Eustace?" I asked. "Why has he gone away and left me?"

I was still miserably weak. My eyes wandered mechanically round the room as I put the question. I saw Major Fitz-David. I saw the table on which the singing girl had opened the book to show it to me. I saw the girl herself, sitting alone in a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes as if she was crying. In one mysterious moment my memory recovered its powers. The recollection of that fatal title-page came back to me in all its horror. The one feeling that it roused in me now was a longing to see my husband—to throw myself into his arms, and tell him how firmly I believed in his innocence, how truly and dearly I loved him. I seized on Benjamin with feeble, trembling hands. "Bring him back to me!" I cried, wildly. "Where is he? Help me to get up!"

A strange voice answered, firmly and kindly:

"Compose yourself, madam. Mr. Woodville is waiting until you have recovered, in a room close by."

I looked at him, and recognized the stranger who had followed my husband out of the room. Why had he returned alone? Why was Eustace not with me, like the rest of them? I tried to raise myself, and get on my feet. The stranger gently pressed me back again on the pillow. I attempted to resist him; quite uselessly, of course. His firm hand held me as gently as ever in my place.

"You must rest a little," he said. "You must take some wine. If you exert yourself now you will faint again."

Old Benjamin stooped over me, and whispered a word of explanation.

"It's the doctor, my dear. You must do as he tells you."

The doctor! They had called the doctor in to help them! I began dimly to understand that my fainting fit must have presented symptoms far more serious than the fainting fits of women in general. I appealed to the doctor, in a helpless querulous way, to account to me for my husband's extraordinary absence.

"Why did you let him leave the room?" I asked. "If I can't go to him, why don't you bring him here to me?"

The doctor appeared to be at a loss how to reply to me. He looked at Benjamin, and said, "Will you speak to Mrs. Woodville?"

Benjamin, in his turn, looked at Major Fitz-David, and said, "Will *you?*" The major signed to them both to leave us. They rose together, and went into the front-room, pulling the door to after them in its grooves. As they left us the girl who had so strangely revealed my husband's secret to me rose in her corner and approached the sofa.

"I suppose I had better go too?" she said, addressing Major Fitz-David.

"If you please," the major answered.

He spoke (as I thought) rather coldly. She tossed her head, and turned her back on him in high indignation. "I must say a word for myself!" cried this strange creature, with a hysterical outbreak of energy. "I must say a word, or I shall burst!"

With that extraordinary preface, she suddenly turned my way, and poured out a perfect torrent of words on me.

"You hear how the major speaks to me?" she began. "He blames me—poor Me—for every thing that has happened. I am as innocent as the new-born babe. I acted for the best. I thought you wanted the book. I don't know now what made you faint dead away when I opened it. And the major blames Me! As if it was my fault! I am not one of the fainting sort myself; but I feel it, I can tell you. Yes! I feel it, though I don't faint about it. I come of respectable parents—I do. My name is Hoighty—Miss Hoighty. I have my own self-respect; and it's wounded. I say my self-respect is wounded, when I find myself blamed without deserving it. You deserve it, if any body does. Didn't you tell me you were looking for a book? And didn't I present it to you promiscuously, with the best intentions? I think you might say so yourself, now the doctor has brought you to again. I think you might speak up for a poor girl who is worked to death with singing and languages and what not—a poor girl who has nobody else to speak for her. I am as respectable as you are, if you come to that. My name is Hoighty. My parents are in business, and my mamma has seen better days, and mixed in the best of company."

There Miss Hoighty lifted her handkerchief again to her face, and burst modestly into tears behind it.

It was certainly hard to hold *her* responsible for what had happened. I answered as kindly as I could, and I attempted to speak to Major Fitz-David in her defense. He knew what terrible anxieties were oppressing me at that moment; and, considerately refusing to hear a word, he took the task of consoling his young prima donna entirely on himself. What he said to her I neither heard nor cared to hear: he spoke in a whisper. It ended in his pacifying Miss Hoighty, by kissing her hand, and leading her (as he might have led a duchess) out of the room.

"I hope that foolish girl has not annoyed you—at such a time as this," he said, very earnestly, when he returned to the sofa. "I can't tell you how grieved I am at what has happened. I was careful to warn you, as you may remember. Still, if I could only have foreseen—"

I let him proceed no farther. No human forethought could have provided against what had happened. Besides, dreadful as the discovery had been, I would rather have made it, and suffered under it, as I was suffering now, than have been kept in the dark. I told him this. And then I turned to the one subject that was now of any interest to me—the subject of my unhappy husband.

"How did he come to this house?" I asked.

"He came here with Mr. Benjamin shortly after I returned," the major replied.

"Long after I was taken ill?"

"No. I had just sent for the doctor—feeling seriously alarmed about you."

"What brought him here? Did he return to the hotel and miss me?"

"Yes. He returned earlier than he had anticipated, and he felt uneasy at not finding you at the hotel."

"Did he suspect me of being with you? Did he come here from the hotel?"

"No. He appears to have gone first to Mr. Benjamin to inquire about you. What he heard from your old friend I can not say. I only know that Mr. Benjamin accompanied him when he came here."

This brief explanation was quite enough for me—I understood what had happened. Eustace would easily frighten simple old Benjamin about my absence from the hotel; and, once alarmed, Benjamin would be persuaded without difficulty to repeat the few words which had passed between us on the subject of Major Fitz-David. My husband's presence in the major's house was perfectly explained. But his extraordinary conduct in leaving the room at the very time when I was just recovering my senses still remained to be accounted for. Major Fitz-David looked seriously embarrassed when I put the question to him.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you," he said. "Eustace has surprised and disappointed me."

He spoke very gravely. His looks told me more than his words: his looks alarmed me.

"Eustace has not quarreled with you?" I said.

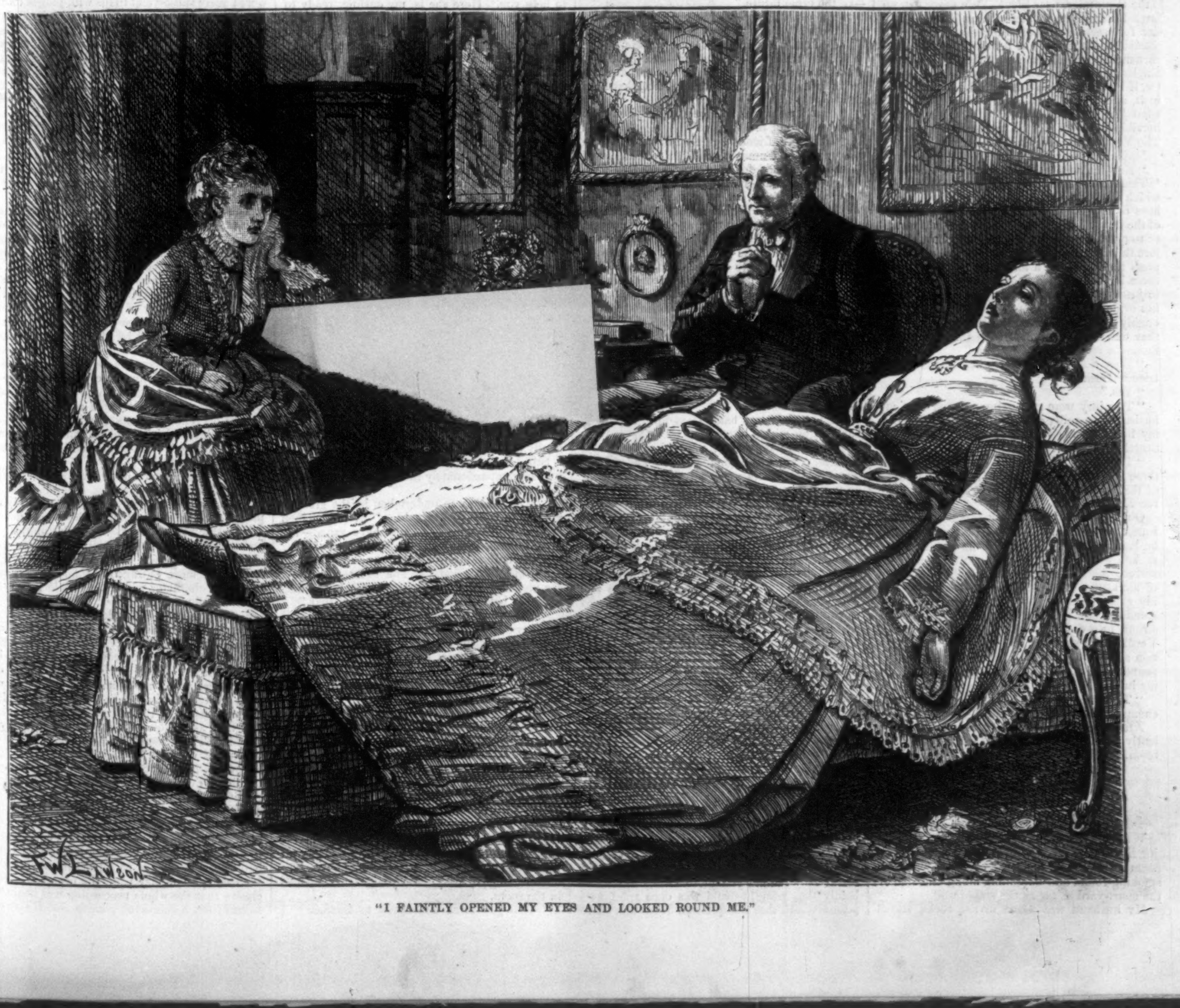
"Oh no!"

"He understands that you have not broken your promise to him?"

"Certainly. My young vocalist (Miss Hoighty) told the doctor exactly what had happened; and the doctor in her presence repeated the statement to your husband."

"Did the doctor see the Trial?"

"Neither the doctor nor Mr. Benjamin has seen the Trial. I have locked it up; and I have carefully kept the terrible story of your connection with the prisoner a secret from all of them. Mr. Benjamin evidently has his suspicions. But the doctor has no idea, and Miss Hoighty has no idea, of the true cause of your fainting fit. They both believe that you are subject to serious nervous attacks, and that your husband's name is really Woodville. All that the truest friend could do to spare Eustace I have done. He persists, nevertheless, in blaming me for letting you enter my house. And worse, far worse than this, he persists in declar-



"I FAINTLY OPENED MY EYES AND LOOKED ROUND ME."

ing that the event of to-day has fatally estranged you from him. 'There is an end of our married life,' he said to me, 'now she knows that I am the man who was tried at Edinburgh for poisoning my wife!'"

I rose from the sofa in horror.

"Good God!" I cried, "does Eustace suppose that I doubt his innocence?"

"He denies that it is possible for you or for any body to believe in his innocence," the major replied.

"Help me to the door," I said. "Where is he? I must and will see him!"

I dropped back exhausted on the sofa as I said the words. Major Fitz-David poured out a glass of wine from the bottle on the table, and insisted on my drinking it.

"You shall see him," said the major. "I promise you that. The doctor has forbidden him to leave the house until you have seen him. Only wait a little! My poor dear lady, wait, if it is only for a few minutes, until you are stronger."

I had no choice but to obey him. Oh, those miserable helpless minutes on the sofa! I can not write of them without shuddering at the recollection—even at this distance of time.

"Bring him here!" I said. "Pray, pray, bring him here!"

"Who is to persuade him to come back?" asked the major, sadly. "How can I, how can any body, prevail with a man—a madman I had almost said!—who could leave you at the moment when you first opened your eyes on him! I saw Eustace alone in the next room while the doctor was in attendance on you. I tried to shake his obstinate distrust of your belief in his innocence and of my belief in his innocence by every argument and every appeal that an old friend could address to him. He had but one answer to give me. Reason as I might, and plead as I might, he still persisted in referring me to the Scotch Verdict."

"The Scotch Verdict?" I repeated. "What is that?"

The major looked surprised at the question.

"Have you really never heard of the Trial?" he said.

"Never."

"I thought it strange," he went on, "when you told me you had found out your husband's true name, that the discovery appeared to have suggested no painful association to your mind. It is not more than three years since all England was talking of your husband. One can hardly wonder at his taking refuge, poor fellow, in an assumed name. Where could you have been at the time?"

"Did you say it was three years ago?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I think I can explain my strange ignorance of what was so well known to every one else. Three years since, my father was alive. I was living with him in a country-house in Italy—up in the mountains, near Siena. We never saw an English newspaper or met with an English traveler for weeks and weeks together. It is just possible that there might have been some reference made to the Trial in my father's letters from England. If there was, he never told me of it. Or, if he did mention the case, I felt no interest in it, and forgot it again directly. Tell me—what has the Verdict to do with my husband's horrible doubt of us? Eustace is a free man. The Verdict was Not Guilty, of course?"

Major Fitz-David shook his head sadly.

"Eustace was tried in Scotland," he said. "There is a verdict allowed by the Scotch law, which (so far as I know) is not permitted by the laws of any other civilized country on the face of the earth. When the jury are in doubt whether to condemn or acquit the prisoner brought before them, they are permitted, in Scotland, to express that doubt by a form of compromise. If there is not evidence enough, on the one hand, to justify them in finding a prisoner guilty, and not evidence enough, on the other hand, to thoroughly convince them that a prisoner is innocent, they extricate themselves from the difficulty by finding a verdict of Not Proven."

"Was that the Verdict when Eustace was tried?" I asked.

"Yes."

"The jury were not quite satisfied that my husband was guilty? and not quite satisfied that my husband was innocent? Is that what the Scotch Verdict means?"

"That is what the Scotch Verdict means. For three years that doubt about him in the minds of the jury who tried him has stood on public record."

Oh, my poor darling! my innocent martyr! I understood it at last. The false name in which he had married me; the terrible words he had spoken when he had warned me to respect his secret; the still more terrible doubt that he felt of me at that moment—it was all intelligible to my sympathies, it was all clear to my understanding, now. I got up again from the sofa, strong in a daring resolution which the Scotch Verdict had suddenly kindled in me—a resolution at once too sacred and too desperate to be confided, in the first instance, to any other than my husband's ear.

"Take me to Eustace," I said. "I am strong enough to bear any thing now."

After one searching look at me, the major silently offered me his arm, and led me out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCOTCH VERDICT.

We walked to the far end of the hall. Major Fitz-David opened the door of a long narrow room built out at the back of the house as a smoking-room, and extending along one side of the court-yard as far as the stable wall.

My husband was alone in the room, seated at the farther end of it, near the fire-place. He started to his feet and faced me in silence as I entered. The major softly closed the door on us and retired. Eustace never stirred a step to meet me. I ran to him, and threw my arms round his neck and kissed him. The embrace was not returned; the kiss was not returned. He passively submitted—nothing more.

"Eustace!" I said. "I never loved you more dearly than I love you at this moment! I never felt for you as I feel for you now!"

He released himself deliberately from my arms. He signed to me with the mechanical courtesy of a stranger to take a chair.

"Thank you, Valeria," he answered, in cold, measured tones. "You could say no less to me, after what has happened; and you could say no more. Thank you."

We were standing before the fire-place. He left me, and walked away slowly with his head down, apparently intending to leave the room. I followed him—I got before him—I placed myself between him and the door.

"Why do you leave me?" I said. "Why do you speak to me in this cruel way? Are you angry, Eustace? My darling, if you *are* angry, I ask you to forgive me."

"It is I who ought to ask *your* pardon," he replied. "I beg you to forgive me, Valeria, for having made you my wife."

He pronounced those words with a hopeless, heart-broken humility dreadful to see. I laid my hand on his bosom. I said, "Eustace, look at me."

He slowly lifted his eyes to my face—eyes cold and clear and tearless, looking at me in steady resignation, in immovable despair. In the utter wretchedness of that moment, I was like him; I was as quiet and as cold as my husband. He chilled; he froze me.

"Is it possible," I said, "that you doubt my belief in your innocence?"

He left the question unanswered. He sighed bitterly to himself. "Poor woman!" he said, as a stranger might have said, pitying me. "Poor woman!"

My heart swelled in me as if it would burst. I lifted my hand from his bosom, and laid it on his shoulder to support myself.

"I don't ask you to pity me, Eustace; I ask you to do me justice. You are not doing me justice. If you had trusted me with the truth in the days when we first knew that we loved each other—if you had told me all, and more than all that I know now—as God is my witness, I would still have married you! *Now* do you doubt that I believe you are an innocent man!"

"I don't doubt it," he said. "All your impulses are generous, Valeria. You are speaking generously and feeling generously. Don't blame me, my poor child, if I look on farther than you do; if I see what is to come—too surely to come—in the cruel future."

"The cruel future!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"You believe in my innocence, Valeria. The jury who tried me doubted it—and have left that doubt on record. What reason have *you* for believing, in the face of the Verdict, that I am an innocent man?"

"I want no reason! I believe in spite of the jury, in spite of the Verdict."

"Will your friends agree with you? When your uncle and aunt know what has happened—and sooner or later they must know it—what will they say? They will say, 'He began badly; he concealed from our niece that he had been wedded to a first wife; he married our niece under a false name. He may say he is innocent; but we have only his word for it. When he was put on his Trial, the Verdict was Not Proven. Not Proven won't do for us. If the jury have done him an injustice—if he *is* innocent—let him prove it.' That is what the world thinks and says of me. That is what your friends will think and say of me. The time is coming, Valeria, when you—even You—will feel that your friends have reason to appeal to on their side, and that you have no reason on yours."

"That time will never come!" I answered, warmly. "You wrong me, you insult me, in thinking it possible!"

He put down my hand from him, and drew back a step, with a bitter smile.

"We have only been married a few days, Valeria. Your love for me is new and young. Time, which wears away all things, will wear away the first fervor of that love."

"Never! never!"

He drew back from me a little farther still.

"Look at the world round you," he said. "The happiest husbands and wives have their occasional misunderstandings and disagreements; the brightest married life has its passing clouds. When those days come for *us*, the doubts and fears that you don't feel now will find their way to you then. When the clouds rise in *our* married life—when I say my first harsh word, when you make your first hasty reply—then, in the solitude of your own room, in the stillness of the wakeful night, you will think of my first wife's miserable death. You will remember that I was held responsible for it, and that my innocence was never proved. You will say to yourself, 'Did it begin, in *her* time, with a harsh word from him and with a hasty reply from her? Will it one day end with me as the jury half feared that it ended with her?' Hideous questions for a wife to ask herself! You will stifle them; you will recoil from them, like a good woman, with horror. But when we meet the next morning you will be on your guard, and I shall see it, and know in my heart of hearts what it means. Imbittered by that knowledge, my next harsh word may be harsher still. Your next thoughts of me may remind you more vividly and more boldly that your husband was once tried as a poisoner, and that the question of his first wife's death was never properly cleared up. Do you see what materials for a domestic hell are mingling for us here? Was it for nothing that I warned you, solemnly warned you, to draw back, when I found you bent on discovering the truth? Can I ever be at your bedside now, when you are ill, and not remind you, in the most innocent things I do, of what happened at that other bedside, in the time of that other woman whom I married first? If I pour out your medicine, I commit a suspicious action—they say I poisoned *her* in her medicine. If I bring you a cup of tea, I revive the remembrance of a horrid doubt—they said I put the arsenic in *her* cup of tea. If I kiss you when I leave the room, I remind you that the prosecution accused me of kissing *her*, to save appearances and produce an effect on the nurse. Can we live together on such terms as these? No mortal creatures could support the misery of it. This very day I said to you, 'If you stir a step farther in this matter, there is an end of your happiness for the rest of your life.' You have taken that step—and the end has come to your happiness and to mine. The blight that cankers and kills is on you and on me for the rest of our lives!"

So far I had forced myself to listen to him. At those last words the picture of the future that he was placing before me became too hideous to be endured. I refused to hear more.

"You are talking horribly," I said. "At your age and at mine, have we done with love and done with hope? It is blasphemy to love and hope to say it!"

"Wait till you have read the Trial," he answered. "You mean to read it, I suppose?"

"Every word of it! With a motive, Eustace, which you have yet to know."

"No motive of yours, Valeria, no love and hope of yours, can alter the inexorable facts. My first wife died poisoned; and the verdict of the jury has not absolutely acquitted me of the guilt of causing her death. As long as you were ignorant of that the possibilities of happiness were always within our reach. Now you know it, I say again—our married life is at an end."

"No," I said. "Now I know it, our married life has begun—begun with a new object for your wife's devotion, with a new reason for your wife's love!"

"What do you mean?"

I went near to him again, and took his hand.

"What did you tell me the world has said of you?" I asked. "What did you tell me my friends would say of you? 'Not Proven won't do for us. If the jury have done him an injustice—if he *is* innocent—let him prove it.' Those were the words you put into the mouths of my friends. I adopt them for mine! *I* say Not Proven won't do for *me*. Prove your right, Eustace, to a verdict of Not Guilty. Why have you let three years pass without doing it? Shall I guess why? You have waited for your wife to help you. Here she is, my darling, ready to help you with all her heart and soul. Here she is, with one object in life—to show the world and to show the Scotch Jury that her husband is an innocent man!"

I had roused myself; my pulses were throbbing, my voice rang through the room. Had I roused *him?* What was his answer?

"Read the Trial." That was his answer.

I seized him by the arm. In my indignation and my despair I shook him with all my strength. God forgive me, I could almost have struck him for the tone in which he had spoken and the look that he had cast on me!

"I have told you that I mean to read the Trial," I said. "I mean to read it, line by line, with you. Some inexcusable mistake has been made. Evidence in your favor that might have been found has not been found. Suspicious circumstances have not been investigated. Crafty people have not been watched. Eustace! the conviction of some dreadful oversight, committed by you or by the persons who helped you, is firmly settled in my mind. The resolution to set that vile Verdict right was the first resolution that came to me when I first heard of it in the next room. We *will* set it right! We *must* set it right—for your sake, for my sake, for the sake of our children if we are blessed with children. Oh, my own love, don't look at me with those cold eyes! Don't answer me in those hard tones! Don't treat me as if I was talking ignorantly and madly of something that can never be!"

Still I never roused him. His next words were spoken compassionately rather than coldly—that was all.

"My defense was undertaken by the greatest lawyers in the land," he said. "After such men have done their utmost, and have failed—my poor Valeria, what can you, what can I, do? We can only submit."

"Never!" I cried. "The greatest lawyers are mortal men; the greatest lawyers have made mistakes before now. You can't deny that."

"Read the Trial." For the third time he said those cruel words, and said no more.

In utter despair of moving him—feeling keenly, bitterly (if I must own it) his merciless superiority to all that I had said to him in the honest fervor of my devotion and my love—I thought of Major Fitz-David as a last resort. In the disordered state of my mind at that moment it made no difference to me that the major had already tried to reason with him, and had failed. In the face of the facts I had a blind belief in the influence of his old friend, if his old friend could only be prevailed upon to support my view.

"Wait for me one moment," I said. "I want you to hear another opinion besides mine."

I left him, and returned to the study. Major Fitz-David was not there. I knocked at the door of communication with the front-room. It was opened instantly by the major himself. The doctor had gone away. Benjamin still remained in the room.

"Will you come and speak to Eustace?" I began. "If you will only say what I want you to say—"

Before I could add a word more I heard the house door opened and closed. Major Fitz-David and Benjamin heard it too. They looked at each other in silence.

I ran back, before the major could stop me, to the room in which I had seen Eustace. It was empty. My husband had left the house.

[to be continued.]

A "STATESMAN'S" RETREAT.

The story of the infamous "Ring," and its shameless chief, that for years held New York in its clutches, and grew rich by plundering the people, is too well known to our readers to be recapitulated in detail in connection with the startling exposé of the Penitentiary life of the deposed "Boss" afforded by the series of sketches given on page 932. No parallel to that story can be found in history. By a series of crimes and usurpations that will seem incredible to readers of another generation, except on the theory that the people of New York had forgotten their manhood and their duty, and voluntarily relinquished all the prerogatives of free citizens of a free State, the Ring seized upon the government and the revenues of the city and the State, and with an audacity born of successful crime even stretched forth its hand to clutch the power of the general government. The people stood as if paralyzed or sunken in fatal apathy while these bold usurpers carried every thing before them with a high hand. The extent of their depredations upon the public treasury was absolutely appalling. Lest we should be deemed guilty of exaggeration, we take the following official statement from a communication recently made by Comptroller Andrew H. Green in regard to the municipal debt of the city of New York:

> "While this and kindred subjects affecting the credit and welfare of the city are ripe for discussion and legislative treatment, it should not be forgotten that the burdens which we inherit from the past have been to a greater extent due to official criminality than to any other cause. The city debt was increased by $61,000,000, or, by adding the floating debt, since liquidated, by $81,000,000, in two years eight and a half months—from January 1, 1869, to September 16, 1871. More than $25,000,000 of this sum were taken from the treasury without equivalent; and although the evidence has been tracked out, with infinite labor, in spite of obstacles and opposition—though that evidence is as irresistible as mathematical demonstration—yet not one of the sharers in this unparalleled plunder has been compelled to make restitution to the extent of one dollar.
>
> "Very respectfully,
>
> [Signed] "Andrew H. Green."

William M. Tweed was the ruling spirit of the Ring. He was rightly dubbed "the Boss," for he had his own way in every thing. His enormous power was equaled only by his unscrupulous use of it. The Governor and the Legislature were tamely subservient to his will, judges on the bench were his willing tools, and eminent lawyers were his creatures. He corrupted the press, he kept armed bullies in his pay. So great was his corrupt influence that only a few months previous to his downfall and conviction as a felon it was proposed to put his statue in Central Park. He even matured a plan to seize upon the Park, and erect palaces for himself and his friends in the most desirable portions of those grounds. When independent journals exposed the infamy of his career and endeavored to rouse the people to a sense of their peril, the Boss sneeringly asked, "What are you going to do about it?"

The answer came sooner than he expected. The exposures first given through the New York *Times*, emphasized by Mr. Nast's vigorous and admirable cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, roused the whole decent community, and the work of reform and overthrow was begun in thorough earnest. But even while his party sustained signal defeat, and many of his weaker confederates fled from the vengeance of the people, Tweed himself was sustained by his own constituency, and defied public opinion. His stolen wealth enabled him to retain the services of able lawyers, and for some time he evaded the grasp of the law. But at length he was brought to bay, tried before an upright judge and an impartial jury of his fellow-citizens, convicted of the enormous crimes which he had committed with such amazing audacity, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

In passing sentence upon the prisoner, Judge Davis, after referring to the several offices of trust which Tweed had filled, thus forcibly depicted the crimes of which he had been guilty: "You saw fit to pervert the opportunities you possessed and the powers with which you were clothed in a manner more wicked, more infamous, and more outrageous than any instance of a like character which the whole history of the civilized world contains. Instead of protecting the public, you plundered it. Instead of standing guard when the law placed you over the treasury of your county, you threw that treasury open not merely to your own rapacity, but also to the avarice of your associates, under circumstances which make it transparent that you were engaged in a concerted conspiracy to plunder the treasury of the county, in which yourself and your associates in crime were principally to benefit. The evidence on the subject can leave no manner of doubt on the minds of any. The commencement of it all was the entering by you on those duties as President of the Board of Audit on the 5th of May [1870], the date of the organization of the board. The very next day after that your career of plunder began—the 6th of May—and from that day forward consecutively till the whole 190 accounts before that board had been audited and certified, and warrants issued and the money paid, the evidence is conclusive that the whole proceeding was instituted to carry out a concerted plan to enrich yourself and those associated with you. If there were no other testimony, that, in my judgment, would be conclusively established by the fact that on each of these several claims, as they were passed on and ultimately paid, your share of the plunder was clearly fixed and prescribed at twenty-four per cent., while the share of your associates had been fixed by a somewhat similar standard of plunder......It would be wrong and unjust to entertain for a moment the idea that your conviction has been the result of persecution at the hands of any person or party......Never in my experience or reading have I seen a case where the evidence was so completely overwhelming, and where it was so impossible for the jury to fail to come to a just and conclusive verdict. Through the whole of the trial you remained up to the moment of your conviction as calm and serene as though you relied upon your innocence, when it was overwhelmingly apparent to all that your serenity was only that of audacity, that of confidence in the omnipotence of corruption, rather than reliance upon your innocence."

The prisoner was then sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $12,500. By an oversight of Judge Davis's the sentence read, "Imprisoned in the county jail of this county," which is Ludlow Street Jail. The error was rectified in the commitment, which was made out to the Penitentiary. A few weeks since the point was made by Tweed's counsel, before Judge Brady, that Judge Davis had no legal right to make this correction; but the point was very properly overruled.

Although sentence was pronounced upon Tweed on the 22d of November, he was kept in the Tombs, through the favoritism of Sheriff Brennan, and allowed to receive visitors freely. A sharp letter from Attorney-General Francis C. Barlow, received by the sheriff on the 28th, brought that official to his senses, and on the following day Tweed was delivered to his keepers in the Penitentiary. Supposing that he was to be treated like any other convicted criminal, Warden Liscomb and Keeper M'Donald subjected him to the usual process of the bath, his hair was closely cropped, and his whiskers and mustache shaved off. He was then clothed in the convict's garb and committed to a cell. This severity was not of long duration. On the plea of ill health Tweed was soon removed to the Hospital Department, and permitted to furnish and occupy a larger room. It was not long before rumors were in circulation that he was enjoying a measure of indulgence altogether incompatible with the punishment his crimes deserved. The matter was investigated by Commissioner Laimbeer, who on the 4th of April, 1874, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, submitted the following statement:

> "Gentlemen,—On April 3, 1874, I visited Blackwell's Island with Mr. Crowly to carry out the instructions of the board in locating the telegraph between the Penitentiary, Fifty-ninth Street station, and Police Head-quarters, etc. After locating the termination of the wire on the ground-floor, and proceeding to the upper part of the building, to my great surprise I found Mr. Tweed coming from the room furnished and occupied by him, through the sewing-room, and going to the hospital. Upon inquiry from Warden Liscomb I found that Mr. Tweed had a room on the second floor of the centre building, furnished, which he occupies, and in which he receives his visitors. I went into the room, and found there Mr. Tweed's son and Mr. Dewey. This, it seems to me, is not as it should be. Without a keeper within fifty feet of the front-door of the principal entrance east, I positively say that any man could have gone out of this door, which was unlocked, without detection, as no keeper was in the hall of the first or second story for a period of several minutes. How often this may occur I can not say; I only know that my visit to this institution has led me to believe that the warden has gone beyond his duty in having this room so near the door furnished without the order of this board. Commissioner Stern stated to me in the presence of the warden that he had instructed the warden to do as he had done, and I therefore must protest against any Commissioner taking any such responsibility as would implicate this board if any escape should take place. We are simple custodians of all who come to this department under and by virtue of the law. I need not say that I have no desire in the case of Mr. Tweed to make any special example, and yet I do consider it the duty of this board to place such guards in and around that prison as will render it almost impossible to escape, and particularly if the occupants are properly within the walls, the doors of the prison secured, and the keepers do their duty.
>
> "I think it unsafe to have any one in the custody of this department so near the door of the centre building, which is, indeed, not the prison proper, but occupied as the keepers' sleeping apartments. I have thought it my duty to present the facts, in order that the board may indorse or condemn the action of the warden, and make such order on the question as may be proper to govern such cases in the future.
>
> "William Laimbeer."

Commissioner Stern assumed the whole responsibility of the proceeding, basing his defense on grounds of humanity, and on the statement of Dr. Macdonald that, taking into consideration Mr. Tweed's age, corpulency, habit of body, and habits of life, it was his opinion that the enforcement in his case of the regular routine to which such convicts as are not for similar reasons similarly excused are subjected, would result seriously and possibly fatally. But it was soon afterward reported, in a manner entitled to credit, that Tweed was not merely treated with the humane consideration to which he might be entitled on the score of sickness, but that he received indulgences and was allowed liberties that completely subverted the purpose and intent of his sentence. It seemed impossible, however, to obtain trustworthy information on this point. Every avenue of approach to Tweed and his quarters was jealously guarded against visitors. No one, except his own particular friends, was allowed to see him, and the keepers evaded answering questions as to his quarters and way of living. Our artist has, however, succeeded in getting at the truth of the matter, and in the sketches already referred to gives an accurate representation of the Penitentiary life of Tweed as contrasted with that of less fortunate criminals.

From being treated as a man convicted of enormous crimes, Tweed has been allowed to assume the character of a distinguished guest on the island. He occupies a large room in the second story of the central building of the Penitentiary. This apartment, situated near the head of the stairs leading from the main entrance, is twenty feet long, twelve feet wide, and twelve in height. It contains a double bed, screened by a sliding curtain, and is furnished with a bureau, wash-stand, two writing desks, one of which is for the accommodation of his private secretary, chairs, books, etc. The bureau is supplied with all the necessary articles for the toilet. To spare the "statesman's" eyes the whitewashed wall is covered to the height of about seven feet with maroon-colored muslin. The floor is partially carpeted. The visitor who undertakes to ascend the stairs leading to this room is told that there is nothing there but the private quarters of the officers, and his attention is politely directed elsewhere.

The warden's house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of the Penitentiary, is reached by a pleasant shaded walk, which in fine weather forms the favorite promenade of the retired "statesman," sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by his private secretary. The screen of trees spares him the gaze of curious visitors, and affords opportunities for a dignified retreat should an outsider chance to come too near. As he has been permitted to let his hair, mustache, and beard grow, and to wear the ordinary dress of a gentleman, he might encounter a visitor without being recognized. In the north wing of the warden's house is the large dining-room where the old "Ten Governors" used to entertain their friends. This is now used by the retired "statesman," who takes his meals there in privacy. It is not to be supposed that the table is furnished with the regulation prison fare. That would be too coarse for a man accustomed to Mr. Tweed's former style of living.

As a contrast with the privileges and luxuries which Tweed is permitted to enjoy, we give on the same page two illustrations showing the occupation and quarters of convicts who have no powerful friends through whose influence the intent of the law can be disregarded and set aside. The dimensions of the ordinary convict's cell are about six feet four inches by three feet, with a height of six feet, and the furniture, as may be seen from the sketch, consists only of a bed. While it would be physically impossible to confine a man of Tweed's size in one of these narrow cells without serious detriment to his health, it would be easy to provide him with quarters where he would not suffer, without supplying him with luxuries and elegancies, or allowing him privileges which are inconsistent with the idea of punishment. The poor wretch sentenced by Recorder Hackett a short time ago to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for robbing a man of fifty cents will probably undergo the whole penalty of his crime. The people will ask why a man like Tweed, convicted of crimes infinitely more atrocious, should be treated with a leniency denied to the friendless criminal.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

The forty-fourth meeting of the British Association commenced August 20 at Belfast, Ireland, and continued until the 26th. The attendance was about equal to the average, and many interesting papers were presented. The next meeting is to be held at Bristol, beginning on Wednesday, the 25th of August, 1875. Sir John Hawkshaw was elected president; Mr. W. L. Carpenter and Mr. J. H. Clark local secretaries. The meeting for 1876 is to be in Glasgow.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science held its session for the present year at about the same time as the British Association, and a little later than the corresponding body of savants in the United States, commencing on the 20th of August, and closing on the 27th. It was presided over by Professor Wurtz, and maintained its interest throughout. The meeting was very full, and a large number of interesting papers were presented, very few, however, by any foreign visitors. As usual on such occasions, numerous excursions were planned and executed, having for their object the investigation of geological or ethnological facts, the examination of manufactures, etc. The meeting is to be at Nantes next year, under the presidency of Professor Faye, of the Institute.

Dr. J. H. Slack, one of the leading fish-culturists of the United States, and also well known both as a physician and naturalist, died at Bloomsbury, New Jersey, on the 27th of August last. Dr. Slack was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1834, and was consequently forty years old at the time of his death. He selected medicine as a profession, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1856, immediately after which he visited Europe, and made quite an extensive exploration of the Upper Nile region, in which his taste for natural history and ethnology was abundantly gratified. In 1860 he went to Paris for the prosecution of his medical studies, and spent a year there, returning in 1861, and settling in Philadelphia in the practice of his profession. Here he made a specialty of the study of the monkeys, and with the assistance of the collection in the Philadelphia Academy, and that in the Smithsonian Institution, freely placed at his command by Professor Henry, he made a very elaborate and valuable monograph of the prehensile-tailed species of America, which appeared in 1867, and is still a standard authority. He also prepared a valuable hand-book or guide to the collections of the Philadelphia Academy.

In 1865 he was made librarian of the Philadelphia College of Physicians, and attended to its interests with such success that in three years he had raised the collection from one of 5000 volumes to one of 13,000, making it, next after that of the Army Medical Museum in Washington, the most complete in the country.

In 1868 he purchased the fish-cultural farm of Mr. Thaddeus Norris, at Troutdale, and greatly enlarged and improved it, carrying it on successfully up to the time of his death. We are glad to learn that this establishment, which is one of the best-appointed and most complete in the United States, is to be kept up, under the superintendence of Mr. A. A. Anderson, a pisciculturist of much experience.

In 1872 Dr. Slack wrote and published a valuable work entitled *Practical Trout Culture*, which at the present time is a standard authority. In 1870 he was appointed the first Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for the State of New Jersey, a place that he held at the time of his death. He was a valued coadjutor of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries in carrying out the objects intrusted to the latter by Congress, superintending in 1873 operations in the artificial propagation of shad on a large scale both in the Southern States and in the Delaware River. He had just renewed his labors in the same direction in the summer of 1874 when he was attacked with pleuro-pneumonia, from which he did not recover.

At the time of his death Dr. Slack was natural history editor of *The Turf, Field, and Farm*, and had charge of the piscicultural department of *The American Sportsman*.

A specially interesting feature of the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast consisted in the establishment of a temporary museum for the exhibition of specimens and apparatus brought before the association at its various sessions. In these were to be found several microscopes for the display of histological preparations, and other objects. These articles were all suitably arranged in the anatomical museum of Queen's College, the whole being under the direction of Mr. E. Ray Lankester. A similar plan might be adopted, with great advantage, by the American Association at its future meetings.

Sir William Wilde made a communication before the British Association upon the early races of mankind in Ireland, and ascribes the greater bulk of the Keltic population to the "Firbolgs," the "Tuatha-de-Dannans," and the "Milesians." The *Firbolgs* were described as a pastoral and agricultural people, small in stature, oval-headed, straight-haired, and of swarthy complexion; this associated with blue-gray eyes and dark eyelashes. These are supposed to have been the first builders of the earthen forts, and to have buried their dead without cremation, but erecting tumuli or cromlechs as their monuments. They, with the fair-skinned *Dannans*, constitute the bulk of the farm-laborers who migrate to England during the harvest season.

The *Tuatha-de-Dannans* are described as large-sized, fair-skinned, and round-headed. They were warlike, musical, and skilled in the working and smelting of metals, and accomplished as masons. They are believed to have built the great stone cahirs and caves in Ireland, and to have decorated the stones of their sepulchres with carved ornamentation. To these a Scandinavian origin has been attributed by some authorities. The first two of these races were in conflict with the third, the *Milesian*, who are described as having been a brave, warlike, chivalrous, proud people, skilled in navigation. Most of the Irish families, especially those having the prefix O', claim to have descended from the old Milesian chiefs. All these races are said to have spoken a common language, and may have been derived from one Keltic stock.

The death of Count du Bus de Guizignies is announced as having occurred at Ems, which he had visited for the purpose of restoring his impaired health. Count du Bus is best known in science as an ornithologist, having published several valuable memoirs and works on birds. He also wrote several articles upon the fossil cetaceans, of which he gathered a large collection from the Crag of Antwerp, which are preserved in the museum of Brussels, of which at one time Count du Bus was director. He also occupied a prominent place in the politics of Belgium, having been a member of the Representatives' Chamber as well as of the Senate.

Professor Robert E. Grant, well known as an investigator, teacher, and author in the department of comparative anatomy and physiology, died in London on the 23d of August last, in his eighty-first year. Born in Edinburgh, Dr. Grant obtained his diploma of M.D. in the university of that city, and at an early age commenced his practice there. In 1827, on the establishment of the University College, in London, he accepted the chair of comparative anatomy and zoology, which he occupied for a considerable time. His publications were principally in the Transactions of the Zoological Society of London; but since 1833 he published very little of moment.

A notice in *Nature* states that during the forty-six years in which he held his professorship, and almost up to the time of his death, he never missed a single lecture. Dr. Grant left his extensive library and all his private collections to the University College, together with a sum of money to be employed in maintaining and extending the zoological department of the library.

The zoological station of Roscoff, on the coast of France, as established by Professor Lacaze Duthiers, has become classical in consequence of the numerous researches prosecuted there, and published to the world in large part in the zoological journal of that author. At a late meeting of the French Scientific Association, M. Giard, in referring to the existence of the three marine zoological stations of Concarneau, Marseilles, and Roscoff, gives an account of one lately established by him at Wimereux, making four now under the auspices of French specialists.

Concarneau is well known as the scene of the researches of Professor Coste, of Gerbe, and of Pouchet, while the work at Marseilles has been principally by Lespes and Marion. These places, with Roscoff, according to Giard, are too distant from the north of France to be of any service to naturalists in that neighborhood, or to those who may wish to study the more northern species; and he entered upon a critical investigation of the various localities, especially in search of one that, while furnishing facilities in the way of water, and at the same time not too near any watering-place, is readily accessible by rail. All these advantages he finds at Wimereux, a station not far from Boulogne, connected with it by railway, and but three hours from the city of Lille. He has, therefore, with considerable effort, secured the means of fitting up a building placed at his command for the purpose, at an expense of about $600, and a large amount of work has already been executed at the new station.

Professor Reynolds, of Manchester, endeavors to explain the fact that sound does not readily penetrate fog. He shows that the particles of water do not, as it has sometimes been supposed, break up the waves of sound by small reflections, in the same way as they scatter the waves of light, but that the destruction of sound is due to the fact that when foggy air is accelerated or retarded, the drops of water move through the air and expend energy in fluid friction. He examines further the relation between the size of the drops and their effects. He finds, in the first place, that if the air is subjected to a uniform acceleration, then the energy dissipated by the drops in a given time is proportional to the square root of the diameter of the drops. Starting with drops the size of rain, their effect will increase as their size diminishes, at first in the direct proportion, then more and more slowly until a certain minuteness is reached, after which, as the drops become still smaller, their effect will begin to diminish, at first slowly, but in an increasing ratio, tending toward that of the square root of the diameter of the drops. It thus appears that for any note of waves of sound there is a certain size of drop with which a fog will produce the greatest effects.

The discovery of a human fibula bone in the remains of the Victoria Cave, near Settle, in Yorkshire, is justly considered as a very important scientific fact, as there seems to be no doubt of its human origin, or that it is of the same age as the molars of *Elephas antiquus* and the bones of the hyena, with which it is associated. Mr. Tiddeman maintains that it was deposited in preglacial times, before the great ice sheet overspread the country.

The death of Sir John Rennie, an eminent British civil engineer, took place on the 3d of September last. Sir John was eighty years old at the time of his death, and had been known for half a century in connection with a great many important engineering enterprises.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, Sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is, ah—ah—steam is steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

When they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting or not, an old lady steps in and remarks, "I say! there ain't no one sick in this here house or nothin', is there? I seen a light burnin' nigh on to twelve o'clock last night, but I don't smell no camphire nor nothin' round."

A forty-day husband, on whom the memory of the honey-moon already seems to have become powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up?—*Answer:* "Because," says the unfeeling wretch, "she is now a little tart!"

A "Big Injin" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked if he was lost. "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost!" Striking his breast he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

A youthful Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father the other day, called for his grandfather to protect him from the middle-man.

A Detroit young woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money that she gave to the horse-car conductor; but he meekly gave her back the lozenge, on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conunderfum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—shut wid a cork—how would you get de whisky out widout pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push de cork in—yah! yah!"

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up its quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *naïveté:* "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convanience that a pig can require?"

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A lady declared that she never could see
How the men could all smoke. "Why, it kills 'em," said she.
"I don't know," said Sam; "there's my father, ain't slow,
Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."
"But, Sir, if he never had used the vile weed,
He might have been ninety—he might, Sir, indeed."

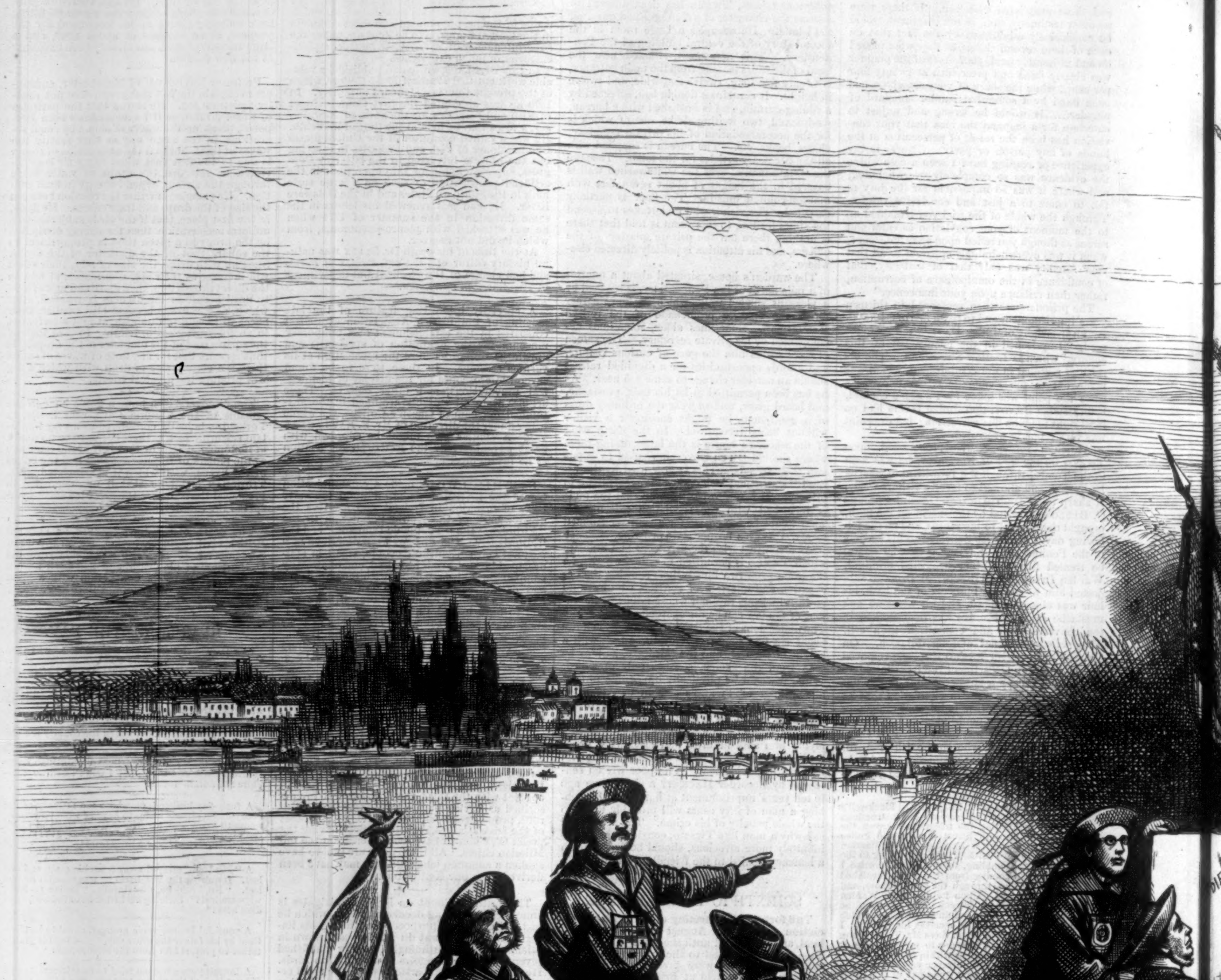
Is a blind man liable to protest for refusing to pay a sight draft?

A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him sick. "Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea mysel." So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "What ither way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I say, minister." "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it!"

A man, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When? I should be glad to know," inquired the eulogist. "Why, no longer ago than last night—*against a wall.*"

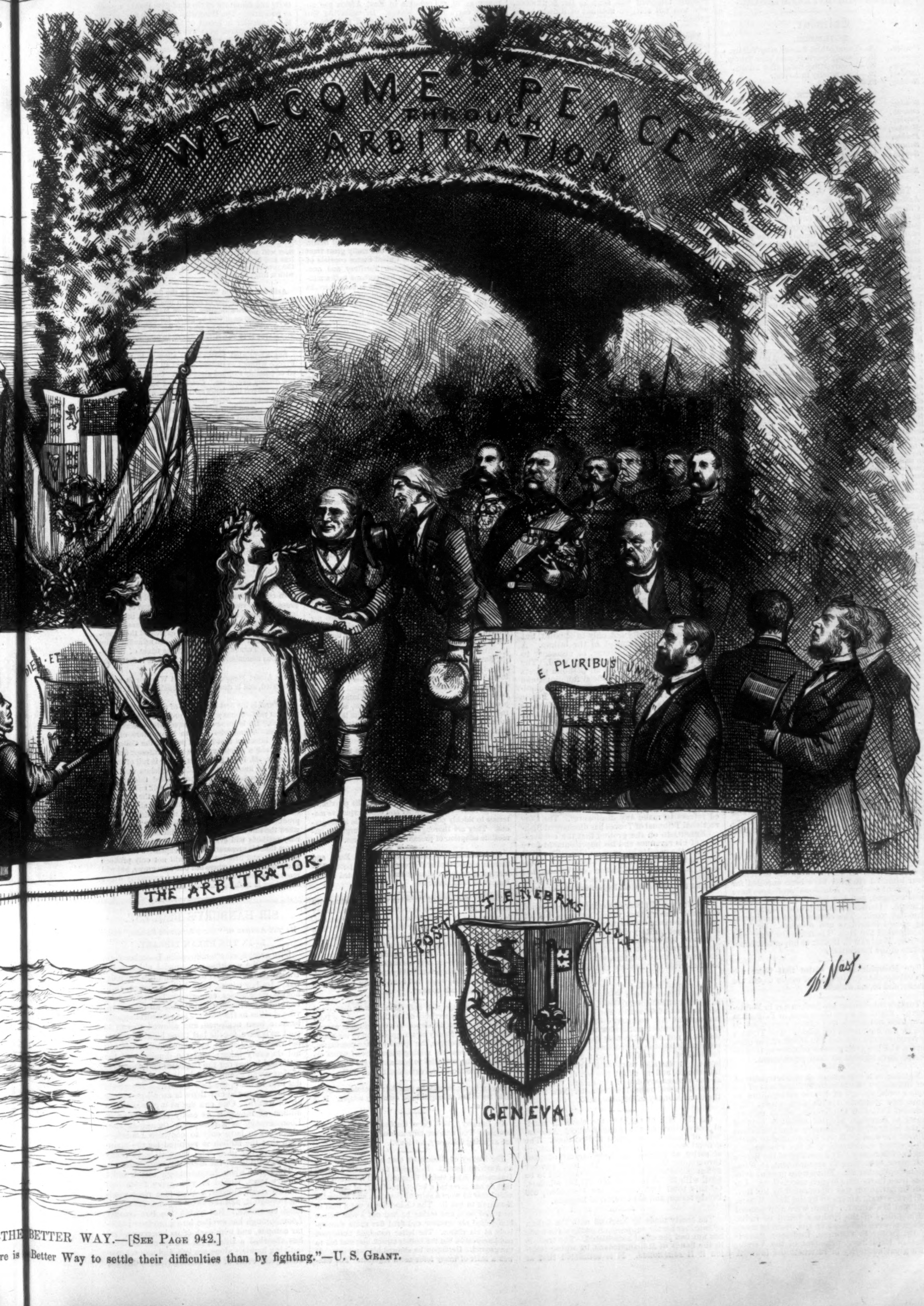
A little girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

An Irish sailor on board one of the emigrant ships to America, who was a "green" hand, was, the day before leaving Liverpool, engaged in hauling in a very long rope, which had been employed in fastening the ship to her moorings. After pulling a considerable time he stopped, and with a shrug of his shoulders, at the same time wiping the sweat from his forehead, in great excitement he exclaimed, "Bejabers, but somebody has cut the end off!"



INTERNATIONAL LAW—THE BET

"The Nations are fast becoming so Civilized as to feel that there is a Bett


WELCOME PEACE
THROUGH
ARBITRATION.
DIEU ET MON
THE ARBITRATOR.
E PLURIBUS UNUM
POST TENEBRAS LUX
GENEVA.
Th: Nast.

THE BETTER WAY.—[See Page 942.]

re is Better Way to settle their difficulties than by fighting."—U. S. Grant.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

THE proceedings of the Long Island Baptist Association in the case of the Lee Avenue Church have no further effect than a withdrawal of fellowship. Baptist churches are Congregational, and therefore entirely independent of each other. They unite mainly for the promotion of missions and education, but have no authority over each other whatever. As already stated, a new association, with open communion principles, is likely to be the result of the separation.

In the Protestant Episcopal Convention the rejection of the Rev. Dr. SEYMOUR as Bishop of Illinois has been followed by the passage, in the House of Deputies, of resolutions condemnatory of ritualism. They are so important that we give their text:

"*Resolved* (the House of Bishops concurring), That the following additional section be added to Canon 20, Title I., 'Of the use of the Book of Common Prayer.'

"SECTION 2. (1) If any bishop have reason to believe, or if complaint be made to him in writing by two or more of his presbyters, that ceremonies or practices during the celebration of the Holy Communion not ordained or authorized in the Book of Common Prayer, and setting forth or symbolizing erroneous or doubtful doctrines, have been introduced into a parish within his jurisdiction—and as examples the following are declared to be considered as such: (*a*) The use of incense; (*b*) the placing, or carrying, or retaining a crucifix in any part of the place of public worship; (*c*) the elevation of the elements in the Holy Communion in such manner as to expose them to the view of the people as objects toward which adoration is to be made; (*d*) any act of adoration of or toward the elements in the Holy Communion, such as bowings, prostrations, genuflections, and all such like acts not authorized or allowed by the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer—it shall be the duty of such bishop to summon the Standing Committee as his council of advice, and with them to investigate the matter.

"(2) If after investigation it shall appear to the bishop and the Standing Committee that erroneous or doubtful doctrines have in fact been set forth or symbolized by ceremonies or practices not ordained or authorized as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the bishop, by instrument of writing under his hand, to admonish the minister of the parish to discontinue such practices or ceremonies; and if the minister shall disregard such admonition, it shall be the duty of the Standing Committee to cause him to be tried for a breach of his ordination vow; *provided*, that nothing herein contained shall prevent the presentment, trial, and punishment of any minister under the provisions of section 1 of Canon 2, Title II., of the Digest.

"(3) In all investigations under the provisions of this canon the minister whose acts or practices are the subject-matter of the investigation shall be notified, and have opportunity to be heard in his defense; the charges preferred and the findings of the bishop and Standing Committee shall be in writing, and a record shall be kept of the proceedings in the case."

On these the vote was taken, after a very full debate, and stood, clergy, 38 dioceses for, 2 against, and 1 divided; laity, 34 dioceses for, 3 against, and 1 divided, making a total vote of 72 for, 5 against, and 2 divided. The revised Hymnal, as reported by the committee appointed at the Convention of 1871, was adopted by the House of Deputies. A report was made against the recognition of the Order of Deaconesses by the Convention; it was deemed best to let each diocese act upon this subject in accordance with its own judgment. The House of Bishops nominated the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER C. GARRETT as Missionary Bishop of Northern Texas, the Rev. Dr. R. W. B. ELLIOTT for Western Texas, and the Rev. Dr. J. H. D. WINGFIELD for Northern California. These nominations have been confirmed.

The Tabernacle Lay College of Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE is president, was opened October 28 with appropriate exercises. Four hundred students have been enrolled for the present session. Additional professors have been engaged, and the facilities of the college enlarged. Its design is to prepare laymen for Christian work. The classes meet every evening except Saturdays and Sundays. Dr. TALMAGE named the Hon. GASHERIE DE WITT and the Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE as important benefactors of the institution.

The Memphis *Baptist* states that there are 164,292 Baptists in Georgia, of whom 68,443 are blacks, and 95,849 whites.

Turkish intolerance has broken out in Montenegro. Eight or more Christians in Patgoritza have been murdered, and others compelled to flee to the mountains for safety. The Turkish government has ordered the arrest of the murderers, and the great powers of Europe, it is reported, have insisted on their punishment.

Nothing is a more marked characteristic of our times than efforts made by Christians of the same creeds, though of diverse nationalities, to come into association with each other. The National Unitarian Conference, which met recently at Saratoga, adopted measures looking to the cultivation of fraternity with Unitarians all over the world. It was determined to establish a closer association with the Protestantin Verein of Germany. The meeting of the Verein took place, according to appointment, at Wiesbaden, September 28. There were present delegates from thirty-nine branch associations. English Unitarianism was represented by the Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL, American by the Revs. Messrs. FISH and M'CAULEY. There were also present two members of the Brahmo Somaj of India. Addresses were delivered at the opening meeting by Pastor SCHROEDER, Professor BLUNTSCHLI, of Heidelberg, president of the Verein, and a great authority in international law. A friendly telegram was sent to Dr. SCHENKEL, who was not able, on account of illness, to be present.

The *Christian Register*, of Boston, recently described the "Free Religious Association" thus: "The Free Religionists, as a body, are not theists. Although individual members are devout men and women, their association neither affirms nor denies the existence of a God. This is one of their open questions; and avowed atheists are members of the association in good and regular standing." Mr. ABBOT, the editor of the *Index*, accepts this description as correct.

Two of the papal cardinals are reported ill. Cardinal AMAT has had a second stroke of apoplexy, but is not in immediate danger. Cardinal DE LUCCA is also feeble.

In its conflict with modern civilization the Roman Catholic Church is availing itself of the help of the working-men of the world. The Catholic working-men's clubs in Germany have become so numerous that they have attracted the attention of the government. Some of them have been suppressed. In a recent Catholic publication their objects are stated thus: It is "the great end of our working-men's associations to cause the laborer to draw near to Jesus Christ, to make him look upon the humble Artisan of Nazareth as his only true friend, and to seek in the Church the practical solution of those perplexing problems which are connected with their state of life. In a word, *they must strive to give the laboring classes a thorough Catholic education—first their children in the schools*, then the youth by patronizing and forming for their benefit pious associations, and lastly, organizing, under the guidance of the Church, societies and model reunions in which the men, bound together by a common interest, may work more effectively for a common end, their own and their religion's triumph."

There is no more useful body among the German population of the United States than the Evangelical Association, or "Albrights," as they are popularly called. They are a Methodist body, and adhere very closely to the doctrines and discipline of JOHN WESLEY. On the 8th of October they dedicated their new publishing house in Cleveland. The building is a large structure, and is indicative of the great prosperity of the Church. The association sustains a missionary society with an annual revenue of $70,000, two weekly papers, one of which has a circulation of 19,000 copies, and numbers nearly 90,000 communicants.

The organization of a national Catholic Church in Switzerland has made further progress. On September 21 the fourth assembly of Liberal Catholics met at Olten to take measures for the creation of a national Synod. The preceding assembly met at Berne on the 14th of June last, and adopted the first seven paragraphs of a new ecclesiastical constitution. At the September meeting the draft of the constitution was completed. Its principal provisions are these: The Church is based on the parishes and local associations, which possess in the Synod the organ of their authority. The Synod will meet yearly; it will have authority not only to appoint, but to revoke the appointment of the bishop. A two-thirds vote will, however, be necessary to make the "sentence of revocation" valid. The Synod will be composed of all Catholic priests of Switzerland exercising official functions, and lay delegates from the parishes. This constitution now awaits formal adoption. Public opinion points to M. HERZOG, curé of Olten, as likely to be the first bishop of the Swiss Liberal Catholic Church.

From Germany the items of ecclesiastical intelligence are not numerous. Count von Arnim, who was imprisoned for the retention of diplomatic papers claimed by Prince BISMARCK, has been released on bail. The papers in question are a part of the correspondence between him and the prince at the time of the Vatican Council. The Vienna paper in which some of the prince's dispatches were surreptitiously published refuses to make any disclosures. The Correctional Tribunal of Treves has discharged Bishop EBERHARD on the ground that the confiscation of his revenues and his imprisonment have satisfied the penalty imposed on him. The Civil Marriage Law went into effect October 1. Cardinal RAUSCHER, Archbishop of Vienna, has made a most passionate address to his people against the ecclesiastical legislation of Germany.

The Russian Minister of the Interior has issued a circular stating that young men desirous of joining monastic orders can not do so until they have reached military age. Even then they must obtain by lot exemption from military service. The government, it is said, will concede civil marriage to the dissenters, who as a rule refuse to be married by the state church priests.

The annual meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States was held in the city of Baltimore, October 22. This body is composed of delegates from the State unions throughout the country. Of the resolutions adopted the most noticeable was one declaring that it is not advisable now to encourage Irish immigration to the United States, and that means be devised to provide work for the Irish at home. It was also resolved to promote Catholic schools, and to adopt the 8th of December as the anniversary day of the union. The next convention will be held in Rochester, New York, the third Monday of October, 1875.

On the 13th of October the eleventh annual convention of the Sunday-school Association of Canada was opened at Brantford. The general secretary reported that the international series of lessons has been largely adopted throughout the Dominion. The total number of Sunday-schools in Canada was reported to be 4404, with 35,745 teachers and 371,381 scholars. Of this total 1761 schools are Methodist, 650 Presbyterian, and 455 Church of England.

The treaty made by England with the Sultan of Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave-trade has not had the effect anticipated. The trade is in the hands of Mohammedans, by whose religion it is sanctioned. It is estimated that as many as 70,000 persons in East Africa are annually carried off as slaves. In enslaving this number several hundred thousand persons are slaughtered.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AGAIN from Nebraska comes the cry of the people. It is not the mere *fear* of suffering—although that has long hung over them—but the sad tale of actual starvation from lack of food, which is borne across the country from the poor pioneers on the western border of Nebraska. In the very heart of a grain-growing country not less than seven thousand people are in a state of terrible destitution, resulting from the ravages of the grasshoppers. It is impossible for them to obtain food, and they need clothing for the severe winter which is fast approaching. In many counties two-thirds of the people are lacking all the necessaries of life. Prompt measures have been adopted in many cities for the relief of these unfortunates.

Facts and figures in regard to the forests of the United States are rather startling. Looking backward a few years, and noting the rapid destruction of magnificent forest growths, there is reason to fear that in a brief time this grand source of wealth and health will be utterly exhausted. The one really great tract of timber remaining in the United States consists of about one-half of Washington Territory and one-third of Oregon. California has perhaps half a million acres of forest land, but the axe is busy there, as it is also among the forests of Michigan and Minnesota. It is said that 50,000 acres of Wisconsin timber are annually cut to supply the markets of Kansas and Nebraska alone. The millions of ties annually used on railroads, in construction and repair, cause the leveling of at least 150,000 acres of trees. Fences, especially in the Western part of the country, consume an enormous number of trees; and all the time the felling of forests and the burning of trees to prepare land for cultivation goes on rapidly. The only considerable forest remaining in New York is the Adirondack region. Some efficient laws for the preservation of forests might well be enacted in all parts of our country.

Among the valuable and curious relics of antiquity which have been brought to light during a few past years at Rome in the progress of public building and restoration are a number of writing tablets and a large quantity of forks. The Roman writing tablet was made of ivory covered with wax, and the writing was executed by means of a sharp-pointed stick. On one of the tablets recently discovered some writing remains which shows that it belonged to Licinius, a favorite of Julius Cæsar, who was made Governor of Gaul by that emperor. The forks are of silver, two-pronged, with handles of elegant design.

Now it is suggested that Shakspeare's birth-place be removed to a more acceptable locality. Poor Shakspeare!

A young daughter of Madame Jenny Van Zandt is said to be gifted with a remarkable voice, from which much is expected after a few years of cultivation. The London impresario, Mapleson, offers to give her four years' instruction under the most eminent Italian masters, during which time she will receive £400 per year, on condition that a contract is signed by which he will have her services for six years from the time she is prepared for her début in opera.

"Boston," remarks the *Journal* of that city, "has not yet digested Brighton, West Roxbury, and Charlestown." Yet there are many who want her to swallow Chelsea and Winthrop. Such a heavy meal may produce dyspepsia. As to Chelsea and Winthrop, wise people of the "Hub" shake their heads, and think they may find that "being tag to a big kite is not half so satisfactory as being a smaller kite with an independent string."

Egypt is likely to become a fashionable resort now that facilities of communication have increased and hotels have improved. The Empress of Russia and the Empress of Austria expect to pass the winter there.

English people begin to realize that the proximity of large stores of gunpowder and other explosive materials to thickly populated neighborhoods is dangerous. They are thoroughly aroused, and urge the immediate adoption of precautionary measures.

Cold weather has commenced early in Paris, and there is a good deal of distress among the poor. Numerous appeals for charity have been posted by the Bureau of Bienfaisance.

Some of the laws of Paris are worth importing into this country. In many branches of business honesty is enforced. If a jeweler sells plated or washed articles, he is obliged to label them "imitation." If a grocer is detected in selling adulterated articles for genuine, he is not only fined, but is obliged to expose a placard in his store stating that fact. Manufacturers of confectionery can only use the kinds and quantities of coloring matter prescribed by ordinance. Such regulations as these would fall heavily upon some kinds of business of this country.

A few years ago rich coal deposits were discovered in Russia in the territory of the Cossacks of the Don. These have been developed to a considerable extent, although the difficulty of transportation to the Sea of Azof and the Dnieper, the sparsity of the population, and the unfitness for mining operations of tribes accustomed for centuries to husbandry, are likely for a long time to hinder the extension of this traffic.

An exchange informs us that the authorship of *Beautiful Snow* has at length been definitely settled. It is by J. Frost.

On January 1, 1801, Ceres, the first asteroid, was discovered. The number now known is 137; and more are awaiting discovery, no doubt.

The history of Bismarck's coat of mail is given in an Austrian journal. It appears that in 1866 a young Hungarian baron visited Bismarck, and informed him that he had invented a bullet-proof shirt of mail. He added that he wore a shirt of the kind, and requested Bismarck to test it. The Chancellor is not a man to be trifled with, and seeing he had not a fool before him, seized his revolver and fired five shots successively at his visitor. The latter remained unharmed and immovable, but the bullets struck him and fell to the ground. Hereupon he showed his invention. It was a shirt of many folds sewn together. The elasticity and denseness of the stuff gave it such a power of resistance. The Hungarian nobleman now advised the Chancellor to accept of his invention, and when the latter inquired what was to be the price of it, he said, "Beat the Austrians." "We shall do that in all cases," replied Bismarck. Some days after this occurrence an attempt was made on Bismarck's life, five shots being fired at a distance of two or three paces only. The newspapers stated that the Chancellor appeared quiet, cool, and even smiled while being shot at. Not one of the bullets had hurt him.

Mes Fils is the name of a little book by Victor Hugo which has just appeared in Paris. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes in regard to it:

"It is now four years since Charles Hugo died at Bordeaux; ten months since François-Victor died in Paris. They both perished at the same age—forty-five years. The poet's only daughter, Leopoldine, was drowned near Havre. It is said that the work contains an expression of M. Hugo's creed, in much the same terms as M. Louis Blanc defined it at the grave of his youngest son. The goodness of God and the immortality of the soul are nearly all its conditions; but they are set forth in the peroration with an eloquence and a conviction which will not, perhaps, be wholly approved by some of M. Hugo's friends. But a man who has read with intelligence the great works on which has been built up that world-wide reputation will not be astonished by the disclosure. Careless and prejudiced must they be who find atheism in the productions of any genius that has been blessed with a tinge of fancy."

Artists have been invited by the Sumner Memorial Committee of Boston to send in models for a portrait statue of Charles Sumner before May 1, 1875. Three prizes of $500 each will be given for the designs preferred, whether either be adopted for the statue or not. The statue is to be a sitting figure, in marble or bronze.

English-printed journals are allowed to pass into France without examination, but all others are delayed or possibly stopped altogether. Once a week there is a literary execution. Confiscated books and newspapers are put into large canvas bags, which are sealed and numbered. After they have been checked off they are passed into hot-water tanks, where the contents are soaked for a couple of hours. The indescribable compound is next removed to a pent-house, where a vast iron mortar reduces what is left of these heterodox opinions to a uniform pulp.

The Paris Mint has just coined 10,000 francs' worth of centimes, which have been put into immediate circulation, as there was a great lack of small change. A centime is about one-tenth of a penny. In this country there is nothing to be bought for such a trifling sum, but not so in France.

Discouraging reports have been circulated about the colony of New Sweden, Maine, but they are pronounced to be without proper foundation. Some drawbacks have occurred, but on the whole the colonists are doing well, are happy in their homes, and encouraged with the prospects before them.

Cremation does not "take" in England. One of the town commissioners in West Hartlepool having expressed some views in favor of this method of disposing of the dead, about two hundred women, mostly of the working classes, forced their way into the assembly-room of the commissioners, and expressed their united opposition. The meeting was broken up amidst cries of "Burn Turnbull" (that being the name of the opprobrious commissioner), "Let him taste it first," etc.

The Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor is nearly completed, and is described as exceedingly beautiful.

M. Paraf is the first discoverer of a method of doing without rain—he has solved the problem of artificial irrigation. He is known as a successful chemist and inventor. Those who wish to know more of him may be informed that he is a pupil of the College of France, and a fellow-associate with Professor Schützenberger. M. Paraf knew that the air is full of moisture, and he knew that chloride of calcium would attract and condense it. He has applied this chloride on sand-hills, on grass, on all sorts of soil, successfully, and has ascertained that it will produce the irrigation of land more cheaply and efficiently than any other artificial methods. One of M. Paraf's applications will produce and retain abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water introduced by ordinary methods will evaporate in one hour. M. Paraf states that his preparation is less expensive than canal irrigation, and believes that it will not only produce two blades of grass where but one now grows, but will render possible fields, meadows, and prosperity where now there is nothing but sand and desert waste.

SIR HANBURY'S BEQUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

I.—IN THE HEXAM LIBRARY.

THE great northern metropolis, Loomborough, is one of the wealthiest provincial cities in the United Kingdom. Its public buildings are palatial. Its law courts, town-hall, exchange, club-houses, warehouses, emporiums, boast an architectural magnificence which puts all other provincial cities to the blush. Its cathedral appears to have been neglected, and allowed to run to seed, as it were, for the last three hundred years; but that is a detail. Municipal authorities can not do every thing; and the dinginess of the cathedral brings out the freshness and sharpness of that grand example of the Pointed Gothic order near at hand, the Law Courts.

Throughout the city there is an all-pervading air of wealth. One can see at a glance that a million of money is as easily forth-coming in Loomborough as a few paltry thousands elsewhere. You have only to convince Loomborough that the million is required for the maintenance of her glory, and there it is, in ready money, waiting for the architect's certificate.

Time was when Loomborough was a quiet country town, ringed in with green fields and humble rustic villages, a clear blue river winding through it, and the sweet summer air unpolluted by smoke. But within the last century Loomborough has swollen into a brick-and-mortar octopus, and with each of its hungry suckers has absorbed a village, till the names of those outlying hamlets alone are left, and now serve to distinguish some of the busiest, richest, dirtiest, smokiest, and most crowded quarters of the vast city.

Of Loomborough as it was a hundred and thirty years ago—in the days of the famous forty-five, for instance—it is difficult nowadays to find a trace, save in some curious old print exhibited with proud humility by a Loomborough print seller. Yet there is just one little bit of the great city which has an old-world look even to-day, and suggests to one's fancy the quiet provincial town of the past; there is just one building which no sacrilegious hand has improved away from its original quaint beauty—a building which belongs to the age of Elizabeth, and is as unlike any modern edifice of Tudor or Gothic school as it is possible for one thing to be unlike another.

This is Sir Hanbury Hexam's Library—a rich collection of black-letter books left to the city of Loomborough by a wealthy citizen of the Elizabethan age, with funds for the maintenance of the same, and power to add to their number, in accordance with certain rules made and provided, and a building to contain the same, and to be used as a public reading-room, open every day except Sunday, free of charge, to the inhabitants of Loomborough. Sir Hanbury also established a college for the youth of the city, and endowed it with an estate amply sufficient for its maintenance. There, in a wide yard under the shadow of the dingy old cathedral, stand the two buildings: the school, tall and square, and looking of later date than the library; the library, the quaintest, most curious old place that a student need wish to enter—a long low building, with all manner of narrow passages and queer little winding stairs; time-blackened oak paneling that might pass for ebony; ceilings that a man of middle height may touch with his hand; narrow recessed chambers, like loose boxes, where the books are stored in a severe gloom, appropriate rather to meditation than study—for it is but a dusky light that creeps in through the one narrow window which illumines each several recess. These small divisions are fenced off by carved open-work oak doors, kept religiously locked. Here in their particular den you may find the old chroniclers, the fathers of the church, Homer and his translators, Rabelais in his various and numerous editions, Bacon—all the mighty spirits of departed learning, each like a hermit in his particular cave or cell.

One of the labyrinthine passages leads to the public reading-room, where the student-world of Loomborough is to be seen on a winter's day represented by three grim-looking men—two gaunt and elderly; one young, but singular of aspect, with elf-locks streaming over his greasy coat collar. Taking the editions of Homer we have looked at up stairs, at a rough guess we may safely say there are six for each of the three students. One of the grim elders has surrounded himself with stacks of brown leather-covered tomes, as if he were anxious to get a good pennyworth out of Sir Hanbury's bequest. The other has drawn his ancient arm-chair close to the wide cavernous hearth, where a mighty sea-coal fire roars red and glorious in a vast iron grate. The young man muses over an open folio in a nook apart—a deep recess in which there is an old painted window, looking into the stony yard, and coloring the gray December light.

The room has evidently been unaltered since Sir Hanbury devised it to his fellow-citizens. The low ceiling, the black and polished paneling, a clumsy oak table here and there, a carved oak cabinet of ponderous design, a buffet in the same style, a curious eight-day clock, all carry the evidence of their age upon them. Sir Hanbury Hexam himself, an old man with a severe visage, pointed beard, and black velvet skull-cap, surveys the students from his portrait over the high oak mantel-piece, and seems to glower upon them in the ruddy firelight.

There is no pleasanter contrast imaginable than to pass from the brisk, busy, prosperous, money-getting modern city a few yards away to this silent dusky retreat, where one might fancy the lord of Verulam musing over the use of deduction and hypothesis, or meditating the more practical question of how to preserve dead poultry by stuffing fowls with snow.

Into this sombre apartment on a certain December afternoon, about ten years ago, came a young man who seemed to have but little in common with the grim student at the table or the gaunt idler hugging the fire—a young man with a bright, handsome face, and a tall, straight figure clad in garments which had a certain un-English look, and were by no means too new. The dark blue overcoat looked as if it had been worn to the verge of shabbiness, and the carefully brushed hat betokened that care which a man gives to his wardrobe who knows not when and how he may be able to replenish it. The three students glanced at the stranger as if they inwardly resented his intrusion. The stranger surveyed them critically, as if they had been three peripatetic folios dingily bound, like the books on the shelves in the long narrow chambers on the upper story, from which he had just descended, followed by one of the officials carrying half a dozen volumes.

The official deposited his load on one of the disengaged tables and departed. The stranger walked round the room, looked through the painted window, across which the snow-flakes were drifting, whitening the stony yard beyond, contemplated Sir Hanbury's portrait, and warmed his hands at the ruddy blaze—the fire-worshiper pushing his chair back half an inch or so to make way for him, with a discontented look.

"Delicious old place!" said the stranger, turning to the fire-worshiper with a pleasant smile; "charming retreat for the studious! Do you come here often, Sir?"

"Every day, except Sundays, in winter," growled the fire-worshiper.

"And our friend with the pile of books?" asked the stranger, with a backward glance at the table in a corner where the second grim elder sat behind a rampart of dingy volumes.

"Every day, Sundays excepted, all the year round," answered the fire-worshiper, gloomily. "He's writing a book about the end of the world, with a critical analysis of all the prophets, from Daniel down to Dr. Cumming. Nobody will ever give him any money for it; nobody will ever thank him or think any better of him for having written it; no printer, unless he's a madman, will ever be found to print a page of it. But he seems to enjoy writing it," with a jerk of his head in the direction of the student. "He's been at it forty years."

"And he?" asked the stranger, with a look toward the youthful muser, who was gently dozing over that open folio.

"Oh, he's a local poet. He comes here to read the classics. He sleeps a good deal, I observe, but I dare say his ideas come to him that way. He contributes short poems to the newspapers gratis, and lives on his friends."

The stranger sighed, and strolled away from the fire. He seated himself at the table where the librarian had placed his books, opened one of them, a Horace, and tried to read.

Unhappily there are conditions of the mind in which philosophic poetry loses its soothing power. This young man had his own troubles to think about, very real, very near, staring him in the face, jogging him by the elbow. Fate took the shape of the inexorable policeman, always urging him to move on. For him there was no tarrying at street corners, no shelter for him beneath the dark arches of life.

Presently he took a roll of paper from his pocket—the establishment found pen and ink—and began to write, stooping over the page, his pen dashing along with fiery speed, writing as a man writes who pours his heart out upon paper. It was a letter evidently, but what a letter!—six sheets of Bath post covered with that black bold caligraphy. When he had signed his name at the bottom of the last page he looked at the scattered sheets dubiously, as if debating whether he should read their contents.

"No," he muttered to himself. "If I read them I should change my mind and tear them up."

He folded the sheets hastily, thrust the clumsy budget into a big official-looking envelope, and addressed it to

Miss Hexam,
Hexam Park, near Loomborough.

It had been almost too dark for him to write the address in the dusky corner where he sat, but glancing toward the painted window he saw that the deep recess which it lighted was vacant. The local poet had gone home to tea. The grim elders had departed. The room was empty.

"So much the better," muttered the young man; "I shall have a quiet half hour before the place closes."

He had a vague idea that the Hexam Library closed at six o'clock all the year round, but had not troubled himself to verify that impression.

He went to the recess, took his Horace to the window, and began to pore over the large, old-fashioned type. But at four o'clock on a December afternoon there was not light enough in Loomborough to illumine the biggest type. The distant street lamps shone redly across the intervening gulf of darkness. The Hexam scholars were whooping in the stony yard. The young man looked at them through a bit of ruby glass—the real old ruby—in the painted window, yawned, sat down in the comfortable old oak chair, leaned his head on his hands, and abandoned himself to troublesome perplexities, till sleep stole gently upon the wearied brain, and closed the book of care.

II.—THE HEXAM ESTATE.

It was near the hour of closing, and that ancient student who devoted himself chiefly to the contemplation of the excellent sea-coal fire provided by the Hexam foundation paused in the dusky little vestibule for a chat with the chief librarian. There was no such thing as gas in the Hexam Library. A dim oil-lamp illumined the low oak-paneled chamber where the librarian sat at his desk, with a large and ponderous tome before him, in which were recorded the names of the visitors and students of the library. There was a vague tradition that the autographs of Sir Kenelm Digby and John Evelyn were to be found in those faded old pages, and that a later leaf bore the honored signature of Samuel Johnson. But the custodian was chary of displaying his treasures. He loved the book, and dozed away many a quiet afternoon hour with his gray head reposing affectionately upon the ancient binding.

"There's been a queer chap up yonder this afternoon," said the fire-worshiper, "very free and off-hand in his manners. Who is he, and where does he come from?"

The librarian opened his book with a solemn visage, and pointed to the latest signature.

There, sprawling across the page, in careless youth's bold characters, appeared the stranger's name:

Hanbury Hexam,
At the Old Bell Inn, Loomborough.

"What does that mean?" asked the fire-worshiper.

"I don't know. Either it's meant for a joke, or he must be the son of that old clergyman who ruined himself and his family by going to law about the Hexam property—Sir Joshua Hexam's estate, you know. There was a Chancery suit that lasted ever so many years."

"I remember. But it's ten years since that was over and done with. I've almost forgotten the story."

"I haven't. My connection with this place made it almost a personal matter, you see, and I studied the case in all its bearings. This Michael Hexam was a clergyman, with a good living and a comfortable little estate of his own—a farm near Bilshott. That's about twenty miles from Loomborough, you know. The farm-house is very old, almost as old as this library. There was the date under the cornice of the porch, 1603, as large as life. And a fine old place it was. But one day, in a tremendous storm of wind, down comes a chimney-stack—such a chimney-stack as they don't build nowadays—bricks enough in it to build a house with; and behind the chimney Michael Hexham finds a kind of cupboard or strong room containing a lot of old plate and an iron box of old family papers, not one of them later than William the Third's time. Well, these papers, according to Mr. Hexam's view of the case, proved his right to the Hexam estate."

"How did he make that out?"

"Why, you must know that Sir Hugh Hexam, our Sir Hanbury's son, who was created a baronet by James the First, died intestate, and without direct heirs, so that his estate passed to the next of kin. The next of kin who came forward to claim the property was a first cousin once removed, being the grandson of Sir Hanbury's younger brother. This young man was a second son, but he brought forward witnesses to prove his elder brother's death in foreign parts. So he got the property, and his descendants have held it from that day to this. Well, this Michael Hexam, the parson of Bilshott, had been taught by his father to consider himself the rightful heir to all the Hexam property in the possession of Sir Joshua and of others—for the original estate had been divided and subdivided in the course of years—as well as to the baronetcy; but till the falling of the chimney there had been missing links in the documentary evidence, and he didn't see his way to putting forward any claim. The discovery of that box of papers altered the aspect of affairs. He submitted his case to a solicitor in Loomborough, who advised him to go in and win. He mortgaged his poor little estate to furnish the sinews of war, and he filed a bill in Chancery against Sir Joshua Hexam and several other defendants. It was like the mouse going to war with the elephant."

"I remember the case," replied the fire-worshiper. "It was always dragging its slow length through the newspapers. The man was smashed, of course."

"Well, the man was, but his case wasn't. Some people might have called the issue success, but it killed the litigant. After the case had been before the court for years, off and on, the judge, one of our greatest men, pronounced upon the merits of the claim. Michael Hexam had clearly proved his legitimate descent from the elder brother of Mark Hexam, who succeeded Sir Hugh as next of kin. He had proved that the witnesses brought forward by this Mark Hexam to establish the fact of his elder brother's death were lying witnesses—that the elder brother was then alive, trading as a merchant in Spain, and the father of several sons. No link was missing in the chain of evidence; nothing was wanting. But after acknowledging the justice of the litigant's claim, the judge declared that to redistribute a vast estate after the lapse of ages would be to commit a greater injustice than the wrong already done, and that, in his opinion, there was therefore no redress for that wrong, no appeal open to the claimant save to the generosity of the present possessors of the estate, of whom Sir Joshua Hexam was the largest and most distinguished. For the unhappy and mistaken gentleman who had put forward his claim the judge declared he had nothing but compassion, but to favor such claimants would be to introduce an element of confusion into the tenure of estates in the land, and to do harm to the multitude for the advantage of the individual. I know his speech pretty nearly by heart; I've read it so many times."

"And did Michael Hexam appeal to Sir Joshua's generosity?" asked the other.

"No. He threw himself on the mercy of a greater tribunal than the Court of Chancery. He went straight home that dark December evening and cut his throat."

"Did he leave any children behind him?"

"One, a son, a mere lad, called Hanbury. But he was abroad at the time, I believe—some said in a Jesuit college—and nobody seemed to know where to find him. Sir Joshua Hexam wrote a letter to the papers professing his willingness to provide for this boy, but nothing ever came of the offer: the boy never came forward."

"Curious boy!" exclaimed the fire-worshiper. "I should come forward fast enough if any one offered to provide for me. And you suppose this is the very individual?" laying his hand on the open page where that dashing signature showed darkly in the dim light.

"There's no other Hanbury Hexam that I know of," answered the librarian. "There are Hexams enough, but no Hanburys among them. The old name has died out."

"Well, good-night," said the fire-worshiper, departing.

"Good-night," responded the custodian.

He closed his big volume, took his hat from its peg, and followed, locking various doors as he went, without a thought of the actual Hanbury, at that moment slumbering profoundly in the recess by the painted window.

III.—THE DREAM-PICTURE.

Silence perfect and profound descended upon the shadowy old chamber where the stranger slept upon his open book. The ruddy fire still burned cheerily, banked up too liberally to be exhausted in an hour or two. And in the silence and solitude young Hanbury Hexam dreamed a dream.

Time had reversed his glass, and that foolish dreamer fancied himself the son of an age long gone by.

It was in the reign of good Queen Bess, and all Loomborough was like the Hexam Library. The narrow streets were picturesque, with pointed gables and projecting upper stories, queer old mullioned windows, irregular pavements, open gutters, through which the town sewage flowed merrily, like a rivulet. Loomborough was a small market-town, with a cathedral that seemed ever so much too big for it, and a margin of fields and wooded hills encircling it. At this Christmas season the fields and hills were white with snow, and the black twigs of the trees bore only icicles.

Young Hanbury Hexam walked through the narrow streets clad in trunk-hose the worse for wear, and a scarlet doublet in the same condition, and a small gray woolen cloak which hardly shielded him from December's searching blast. He had come from beyond seas, where he had been trying to mend his fortunes with other adventurers, young, penniless, and desperate like himself. He had failed, and now returned to his native land and native city, feeling himself altogether an unnecessary unit in the sum of existence.

Altogether unnecessary? Well, no; perhaps there was one person who might be just a little sorry if he were beaten down in the conflict. Yet even she might have changed. Three weary years had come and gone since he had gazed into those true fond eyes, and heard those sweet lips speak their promise. What might not those years have done?

Young Hanbury crossed the market-place and approached the tall, gloomy-looking cathedral. There stood the low long pile, to the left of the holy edifice, just as it stands to-day—only instead of being a public library devoted to the worthy citizens of Loomborough, it was Sir Hanbury Hexam's private dwelling-house, with counting-house and warehouses adjoining; for Sir Hanbury was a great merchant, or a merchant counted great in those days. He had been knighted as a reward for having made himself a handsome fortune, and was generally respected in the quiet old city of Loomborough. The young adventurer paused at the gate. There was a garden with a row of fine old elms where there is now only the wide stone-paved yard.

It is not a pleasant thing to beard the lion in his den, and Sir Hanbury had something leonine about him. His young kinsman paused, "screwed his courage to the sticking place," as a popular dramatist of that time would have put it, and went in under the leafless elms, across the crisp white snow.

There sat Sir Hanbury, poring over his ledger, in a little room near the door, now the custodian's vestibule. Young Hanbury looked at him through the low mullioned window. There he was, just as in the well-known portrait, with his pointed beard, stiff ruff, and black velvet skull-cap. Young Hanbury shivered in his slashed shoon, and then turned the handle of the door—how the old iron knocker rattled!—and went in, not courageous, but desperate.

Sir Hanbury looked from under his bristly iron-gray brows, surveying the returned wanderer as coolly as if he had been only half an hour absent.

"You did no good yonder, I see, sirrah!" growled the merchant, returning to his ledger.

"No, Sir. I have encountered great dangers and many hardships, and have done no good for myself whatever."

"Humph! and you come back like a piece of false money; and now that your pride has had a lesson, I'll warrant you'll be glad to accept my offer to provide for you—the offer I made when your foolish father cut his throat, after trying to rob me of my fortune."

"Not a word against my father, Sir. If he was a mistaken man, he was, at least, an honest one, and had right and justice on his side."

"What are right and justice against centuries of possession?" exclaimed Sir Hanbury, contemptuously. "Hearken, young Hanbury: when I offered you a stool in my counting-house—which meant a good deal more than you understood by it—and a seat at my chimney-corner, you chose to refuse a fair offer, and to look upon me as the cause of your father's death. Yet, had your father been a wise man and brought his papers to me instead of going to law, I would have given him more than the court awarded him; yes, sirrah, I would have freely given him a younger son's portion."

"I come back to you, Sir, to accept your protection, if you are still in the mind to give it," said young Hanbury, with a manly and yet humble tone. "There is no merit in my return, for I have tried my hardest to prosper without your help. Give me the lowest place in your counting-house, and let me labor for my wage. I ask no favor on the score of kindred."

"And you shall have none," said the old man, shutting his ledger with a bounce; "but you shall have some reward for being an honest man and an affectionate son, and for having tried to live without my help, and for the sake of one that loves you." The young man's heart beat its fastest at this point. "There are several reasons for you, sirrah."

"One is more than enough, Sir. 'Tis sweet for an exile to hear the word love."

"Dorothy!" called the merchant; and, lo, the door of an inner room opened—the dark old oaken door—and a girl entered, who gave one look at the youth, and then grew white as the snow in Sir Hanbury's garden. This was Dorothy Hexam, the old knight's only child, born in late wedlock, pure and pale as a winter rose.

"Dorothy, thy cousin has come home from beyond seas, and he is to live with us henceforward, and to work in the counting-house, and take my place by-and-by. Take him in, and give him a manchet and a tankard of October to stay his stomach till noon."

The girl gave one happy cry, and drew near her kinsman like a startled bird. The young man grasped his patron's hand, stooped his handsome head to salute that iron fist with his lips, and then put his arm round Dorothy and led her through the grim old doorway. They went out of the counting-house together into the homely parlor beyond, and sat down side by side in the deep-recessed window, and sealed the beginning of their new life with a betrothal kiss.

IV.—DOROTHEA.

The sleeper woke with a sense of chillness. The great cathedral bell was pealing the hour. He counted the strokes drowsily. Was the clock never going to leave off striking? nine—ten—eleven—twelve.

Midnight. He had fallen asleep in old Sir Hanbury's reading-room, and had been locked in. There was no help for it but to finish the night here. The room was dark, but through the painted window came the friendly gleam of the distant lamps.

"What a fool I must have been to fall asleep in such a place!" he said to himself; "but a man who has just come off a long sea-voyage may be excused for being a trifle sleepy."

He groped his way to the cavernous old fireplace, stumbling over a heavy chair as he went. He had a box of vestas in his pocket, and striking one of these, took a brief survey of the scene.

A big iron box half full of coal stood on one side of the hearth, and behind it Hanbury Hexam spied some loose wood.

"Good," he said to himself. "If I can light a fire I sha'n't be so badly off after all."

He had yesterday's *Times* in his pocket, and with this, the wood, cinders, and coal, built up a pile which he kindled with one of those useful vestas from his little tin box.

The old grate was still warm, and the fire burned bravely, the dry wood flaming up with a blue and yellow flare, lighting the stern countenance of the knight in his starched ruff and black skull-cap.

Hanbury the younger looked up at his great progenitor wonderingly. His dream came back to him, link by link—such a curiously graphic dream. He had seen the quaint old Elizabethan town by that mystic dream-light as vividly as in the light of day. He had seen himself in his antique garments; seen the stern visage of the old knight melt into kindliness; and, last and best of all, had seen Dorothy's fair face—so like a living face he had looked on in the hopeless agony of parting three years ago!

"Perhaps you were not such a bad old fellow after all," he said to himself, dreamily contemplating the portrait over the mantel-piece, which seemed to change its expression with every change in the flickering light. "If you were alive and I were to appeal to you, I wonder whether you would help me. Would your prototype and successor, Sir Joshua, help me, I wonder, if I were to go to him now and remind him of his letter to the newspapers?"

The question made him thoughtful. He looked back at his brief and troubled past, and wondered how much of it had been foolishness. Ten years ago Hanbury Hexam had been a friendless young scholar in a great Continental school—a school where a good education was to be had at the lowest possible cost. It would hardly be possible to imagine a lad more utterly alone in the world at fifteen years of age than this young Hexam. His mother was dead. His father had given himself up body and soul to his fatal Chancery suit. Brothers or sisters he had none. There was an aunt, a somewhat strong-minded maiden lady, Michael Hexam's sister, who cared a little for the desolate boy, wrote him an occasional letter telling him the progress of the Chancery suit, and from time to time sent him a parcel of clothing.

From his aunt, Sarah Hexam, the boy received the tidings of his father's miserable end. In the same letter—a bitter, passionate letter—she told young Hanbury how Sir Joshua Hexam had offered to provide for him.

"I do not know how you may look at the matter," she said, finally, "but I consider that man your unhappy father's murderer."

The boy wrote back indignantly to say that he would not accept a sixpence from Sir Joshua to save him from starving. Miss Hexam applauded his resolution. She had a little annuity of her own, which she was ready to share with her nephew, taking it for granted that he would be on the high-road to fortune before she died. She went over to Tours, where he was at school, lived on a mere nothing during his final years of tutelage, and three years after her brother's death set out with the lad of eighteen on a voyage of adventure—she a hardy active woman of fifty-four, he an ardent poetic youth, full of high hopes and noble aspirations.

Very happy was the life these two led together, very moderate their desires, very simple their habits. They traveled through Switzerland and Germany, making long halts in quaint old towns, where the necessaries of life were cheap. Hanbury read a great deal, sketched from nature, and wrote not a little. He sent bright, lively papers to the London magazines, and thereby gained a comfortable addition to his aunt's small income. However humbly they lived—with a primitive simplicity that was almost Spartan—they always lived like a lady and gentleman, and were never mistaken for any thing else.

They were at a quiet little water-drinking settlement near the Black Forest—a spring lately discovered by the German doctors, and only frequented by those who were indifferent to the allurements of fashion—when the event occurred which first introduced the element of passion into Hanbury's life.

He had wandered somewhat far afield one bright September day, with his sketch-book, when he came to an old quarry among the hills—a rough amphitheatre of stone imbedded in the craggy hill-side. Above, on the hill-top, a grove of firs stood darkly out against the clear blue sky.

On the upper edge of the quarry, about forty feet from the ground on which he stood, Hanbury Hexam saw a fluttering figure in a white gown, with a scarlet scarf that made a patch of bright color among the greens and grays of grass and stone.

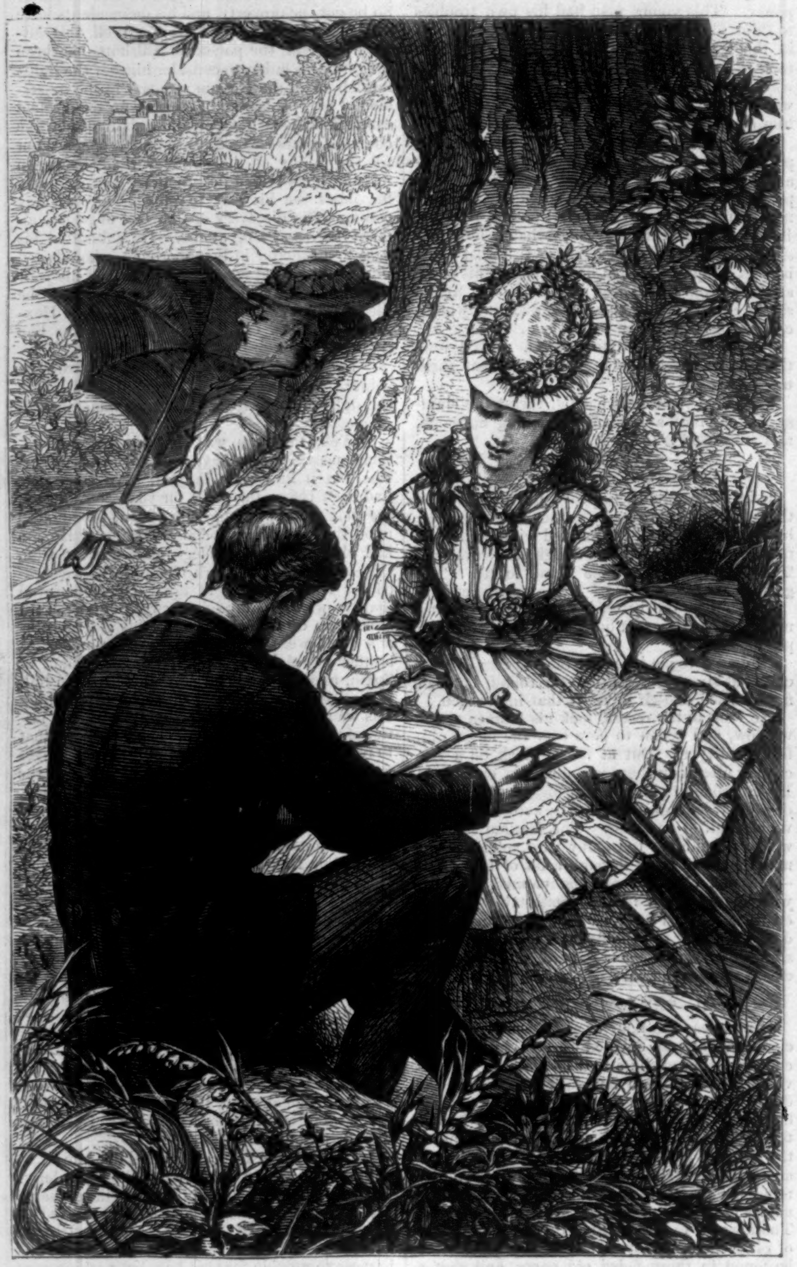
"Rather a dangerous place," he thought, "for a lady to wander; but I suppose she knows her ground."

Just at this moment he became aware of the presence of a bony female in a lanky gray costume, a mushroom hat, and green spectacles, who was telegraphing wildly to the distant girl with a large buff parasol.

"Go back!" she screamed; "go back the other way! the ground isn't safe where you're standing. Go back, Dorothea!"

The ground upon which that light figure was perched certainly had an insecure look. That edge of the hill had been partly undermined by the excavations below. It was an overhanging path, which might give way at any moment.

"What shall I do?" cried the lady in the green spectacles, tragically. "I am sure Miss Hexam is in danger, and I don't know how to get at her up there, even if my breath would allow me to climb, which it will not."



HANBURY AND DOROTHEA.

Miss Hexam! This was rather startling for Hanbury. But there was no time to be wasted upon surprise or interrogation.

"I'll find my way up to her," he said, cheerily; and, after one brief and comprehensive survey of the scene, began the ascent.

To the admiring eyes of Miss Limber, of the green spectacles, he seemed to bound from crag to crag with the practiced grace of the chamois-hunter in *Manfred*—over the little patches of sunburned slippery grass, now on a bit of blue-gray stone, now on a crumbling ledge of sienna-colored clay, till with one bound he leaped upon the narrow verge, and stood beside the damsel in white.

"Allow me to lead you down by some more secure path," he said, bare-headed. "The lady below there is much alarmed for your safety; and, indeed, this is hardly a secure spot for your rambles."

"My poor dear governess!" said the young lady, smiling. "Was she really frightened? I am sure you are very kind to come after me. I climbed up here easily enough, but it does seem rather difficult to go down again, and I confess that I was beginning to feel just a little uncomfortable."

How pretty she was!—a fair and delicate prettiness; a pale oval face framed in dark brown hair; soft dark eyes; a mouth like Cupid's bow.

"I feel sure there is an easier way down behind those firs," said Hanbury, "if you will let me take you that way."

"You shall take me any way you like that is safe," she answered, easily, "and that will make poor Miss Limber happy. Look at her waving that parasol at me. I haven't the faintest idea what she means."

"She means that you are to trust yourself with me, Miss Hexam," said Hanbury.

It cost him a slight effort to pronounce the name. Could this be Sir Joshua's only child, the great heiress of Hexam Park? Surely not. There were innumerable Hexams in Loomborough. Why should this fair girl be his enemy's daughter?

They crossed the hill-top, and on the other side, below the fir-trees, beheld a winding path which was safe and easy enough. Down this Hanbury led Miss Hexam. How daintily she stepped from stone to stone! now on the soft green moss, now on the rough crag. To watch the little feet in their neat buckled shoes was the pleasantest thing in the world; and then how sweet to look up at the fair young face, with its happy, innocent smile! Hanbury wished that descent had gone ten thousand fathoms deep into the bowels of the earth.

If he had rescued her charge from the roaring sea or the raging flames, Miss Limber could not have thanked the young man with more enthusiasm than she displayed. They all three walked home to Gesundheitbrunnen together, a walk of nearly four miles, during the progress of which Miss Limber, to whom there was no music sweeter than the sound of her own voice, told Hanbury all about herself and her pupil.

The young lady was Miss Hexam, daughter and heiress of the great Sir Joshua Hexam, "of whom you have doubtless heard," said Miss Limber, pompously. She was traveling in the care of her governess; "and attended only by a courier and maid," added Miss Limber, with proud humility. She had come to Gesundheitbrunnen in quest of health, the place having been specially recommended by a distinguished Loomborough physician.

"Sir Joshua would have accompanied us," said Miss Limber; "but his enormous commercial responsibilities render his prolonged absence from Loomborough impossible; and Miss Hexam's medical advisers recommend a residence of three months at the springs."

"Have you been here long?" asked Hanbury.

"We came at the beginning of August, and we are to remain till the end of October."

It was now early in September. Nearly two months of bliss, thought Hanbury, if he could persuade his aunt to remain so long. Luckily she had a fancy for swallowing inordinate quantities of mineral waters, with a vague idea that she was benefiting her constitution.

They came to Gesundheitbrunnen at last, after a four-mile walk that had seemed as nothing to Hanbury. At parting it was incumbent upon him to tell Miss Limber his name. He had debated the advisability of giving a false name as he came along; but his frank mind revolted from the idea of deception, so he handed Miss Limber his card.

"Mr. Hexam!" she screamed. "How extraordinary!"

"I have the honor to be a namesake of your pupil's. But I believe Hexam is not an uncommon name at Loomborough."

"Yes," replied Miss Limber, "the original Hexam estate has been divided and subdivided among numerous families. Sir Joshua would not be the great man he is if he had not strengthened his position as a landed proprietor by commercial enterprise."

They parted outside the one hotel of the place, a rambling wooden building, to which a room or two had been added from time to time as the reputation of the waters increased. Miss Hexam, her governess, and servants had a small annex to themselves, and were considered the most important residents at the hotel.

After this Hanbury and Miss Hexam were continually meeting. Pedestrian exercise was an important feature in the régime prescribed by the young lady's medical advisers, and she spent the greater part of every fine day rambling in the forest or among the hills, Miss Limber toiling on beside her, or sitting by the way-side to rest while the younger lady explored some wild romantic spot near at hand.

In these walks Hanbury's attendance was freely permitted. Miss Limber had literary proclivities, read German indifferently, and finding Hanbury a master of the language, gladly availed herself of his assistance. They read *Faust* together; yes, valorously toiled through the bewildering second part of that mighty work. And then Miss Limber confided to Hanbury the secret of her own authorship. She had written a novel, and although no publisher had yet been found gifted with a mind wide enough to appreciate that great panorama of human life, Miss Limber's faith in her own genius was in no wise shaken.

She introduced Hanbury to her own particular fictitious world, read him chapters of the novel, and, in a word, derived so much pleasure from his society herself, that she entirely forgot the danger there might be in such society for her pupil. Time glided pleasantly on. The two young people read together, sketched together, worshiped nature together, and lived as in a happy dream.

Hanbury was awakened awfully from that sweet dream-life by the sudden death of his good old aunt, who expired in a fit of apoplexy, brought on possibly by overindulgence in chalybeate waters. This was a bitter blow to his affections, and it left him penniless. Miss Hexam's income died with her. He had neither trade nor profession. He had lived a careless holiday life, and now in his two-and-twentieth year had nothing better to look to than the pen of a ready writer for maintenance in the present and fortune in the future.

And how with such prospects as these was he to aspire to the hand of Sir Joshua Hexam's daughter?

He paid Dorothea Hexam one farewell visit after his aunt's death, told her all the truth about himself, and told her that he was going into the busy working world to seek his fortune.

"If I win in the great game of chance, you will hear of me again, Dorothea," he said. "If I lose—"

"Whether you win or lose, I hope to see you again," she said, tenderly. "But oh, Hanbury, why not accept my father's offer? He would receive you as an adopted son; he would make your future so easy. I have often heard him speak of you, and regret his ignorance of your fate."

"He is very good, but I had rather depend upon my own right arm than on any patron in the world," answered Hanbury, proudly.

He had taken his own way, and had tried what his right arm would do for him in America and in Australia, and had come back a failure; not for lack of energy, or of industry, or of talent; but fate had been against him, and he had never found a friend to give him a helping hand.

V.—HOW THE DREAM CAME TRUE.

The cold winter night struggled through the thick winter darkness at last, and found Hanbury Hexam still seated before the wide old hearth, immersed in thought. Long as the hours had been, they had not been too long for the struggle betwixt pride and fate. When the day dawned, Hanbury had made up his mind to apply to Sir Joshua Hexam for a stool in that commercial magnate's counting-house. Long ago common-sense had taught him to acquit Sir Joshua of any blame in the matter of the fatal Chancery suit, yet pride had prevented his acceptance of the great man's help.

At nine o'clock the sub-librarian unlocked the door, and Hanbury was free. He walked straight to Sir Joshua's warehouse, a palatial building in one of the richest streets in the rich city of Loomborough. Very different was Sir Joshua's counting-house from the quiet little room where the dreamer had seen Sir Hanbury poring over his ledger. Sir Joshua's offices were like a bank; such shining mahogany desks; such glittering brass rails dividing the desks; such splendid stoves and glowing fires, and wonderful contrivances in the way of speaking-tubes; such well-dressed clerks, with pens behind their ears, and a general appearance of being weighed down by the cares of business.

When Hanbury asked to see Sir Joshua the gentleman to whom he had addressed himself looked as surprised as if he had offered to send up his card to Queen Victoria.

"Have you any appointment?" he asked.

"No."

"Quite impossible, then; Sir Joshua never sees any one except by appointment."

"Be so kind as to take him my card, and ask him to favor me with an early appointment," said Hanbury.

The clerk looked at the card, and departed, wondering. Five minutes afterward Hanbury was closeted with Sir Joshua in a handsome apartment, Turkey carpeted, warmed by a huge fire, provided with all the luxurious appliances that embellish the dull labor of commercial life.

On the 27th of December, after a sorely desolate Christmas, spent for the most part in the snowy streets of Loomborough, Hanbury took his seat in his kinsman's office.

"Work honestly, and you shall be honestly rewarded," the old man had said to him, not unkindly. He looked so like Sir Hanbury of the dream-picture as he said the words.

Hanbury did work honestly and well. Those three years of hard fighting with ill fortune had sharpened wits originally bright. Before Hanbury had been a year in the office he had proved himself worth three ordinary clerks, and Sir Joshua had invited him to dine at Hexham Park every alternate Sunday.

In the second year of the young man's clerkship there came a great commercial crisis. House after house went down as with the shock of an earthquake, and for three awful days the great firm of Hexam & Co. tottered with the fall of its allies. In that crisis Hanbury Hexam displayed an energy and a firmness which went far to right the ship. Sir Joshua was ill at the time, and thus the master-spirit of the firm was wanting when his presence seemed most needed. From that hour the young man was taken to his employer's heart, and became verily an adopted son.

Two years later he was a junior partner in the great house, and Dorothea Hexam's betrothed husband.

It was on one of the dark days before Christmas that the two lovers went together to the old library at Loomborough. An important purchase of books had just been made for the institution, and Hanbury wished Dorothea to see them.

Perhaps it was only an excuse for showing his betrothed the quaint old chamber where he had dreamed that curious dream.

The scene was almost the same as on his first visit. There was the old man hugging the fire, and the compiler of prophecies, fenced in with books, at his distant table. The local poet was absent.

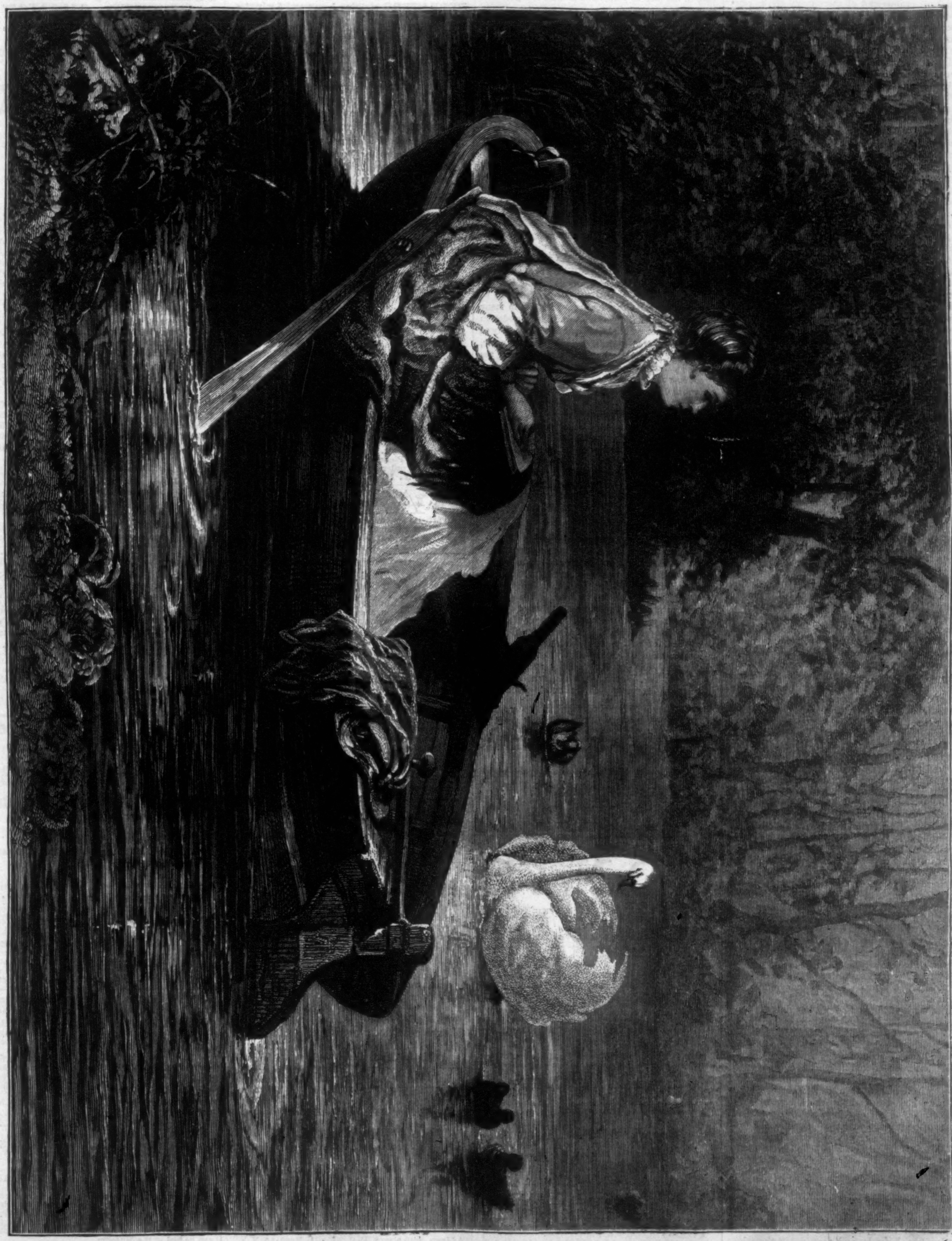
Hanbury led Dorothea to the recess by the painted window, and they seated themselves there side by side.

"What a dear old place it is!" said Dorothea. "It's ages since I've been here."

"Yes, it's a nice old place; I've reason to be fond of it. I owe all my present happiness to a dream I had here. I had made up my mind to sail for New Zealand in the next emigrant ship, to work as a field-laborer, perhaps, when I got there; and I had written you a long letter of farewell, when I fell asleep and had a curious dream about him"—pointing to Sir Hanbury's portrait.

And then he told her his dream.

"Such dreams are sent by our guardian angels, Hanbury," she said, gently, "to teach us faith in God."



ON THE RIVER—A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

INTERNATIONAL LAW—THE BETTER WAY.

ON our front page will be found an interesting series of portraits of some of the prominent members of the congress which recently met at Geneva for the purpose of considering the subject of the reform and codification of the Law of Nations. The honor of initiating this movement belongs to Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, of this city, at whose residence a meeting was held in May, 1873, for the purpose of making arrangements for a general European conference. The first conference was held at Brussels the same year, the sessions commencing October 10, and continuing several days. Eminent lawyers and statesmen of different nations took part in the deliberations. The interchange of views resulted in the unanimous adoption of three resolutions, declaring, first, that an International Code, defining with all possible precision the rights and duties of nations and of their members, is eminently desirable in the interests of peace, good understanding, and of common prosperity, and that consequently there ought to be no delay in the preparation and adoption of a code; second, that the conference regards arbitration as a means essentially just, reasonable, and even obligatory upon nations for the settlement of such international differences as can not be regulated through the ordinary channels of negotiation; third, the conference was declared permanent, that is to say, an association was formed having for its object "the reform and codification of the Law of Nations," and a council of twelve was chosen to represent it when not in session, to select the time and place for the next meeting, and to encourage the formation of national or local committees for the promotion of the general object of the society.

The second annual conference met at Geneva on the 7th of last September. The sessions were held in the Hôtel de Ville, under the presidency of Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, president of the association. By reference to our first page it will be seen that the conference was thoroughly cosmopolitan. It comprised eminent lawyers and legislators from England, the United States, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy. The discussions embraced a wide range of subjects. Papers were read on "Private International Law," more especially relating to copyright and the laws affecting patentees; on "The International Law of Negotiable Securities," and the desirability of the codification of the laws of different countries respecting them; on "The gradual Triumph of Law over Brute Force;" on "The Rise and Progress of International Law;" and one by Professor WOOLSEY, of New Haven, on "The Construction of the Three Rules of the Washington Treaty." These and other subjects relating to the grand object of the association were thoroughly and ably discussed.

On the third day of the conference a constitution was adopted. It provides that the association shall be designated "The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations." Count FREDERICO SCLOPIS was elected Honorary President, and Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD President of the association. Among the vice-presidents are Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston; Sir TRAVERS TWISS, of England; Mr. DROUYN DE L'HUYS, of France; Señor CASTELAR, of Spain; and Professor T. M. C. BESOBRAZOFF, of Russia. The General Secretary is Dr. JAMES B. MILES, of Boston. On the last day of the conference a resolution was adopted requesting the President of the association to appoint a committee of three persons to consider the expediency of establishing an international tribunal for deciding questions arising out of collisions at sea between vessels of different nationalities—such, for example, as that between the *Ville du Havre* and the *Loch Earn*, wherein the English Admiralty Court gave a decision which was diametrically opposed to that of the French tribunal. A resolution was also adopted providing for the thorough consideration, by special committees, of the draft outline of an International Code, which had been submitted to the conference, with instructions to report thereon at the next annual meeting, with the object of adopting an entire code. In the same resolution the council was requested and empowered to have certain selected subjects prepared in the mean time for publication, showing the accord and conflict of the Law of Nations.

After the adjournment of the conference a popular meeting was called together in the Hall of the Reformation, at which Mr. FIELD presided. In the course of the evening the large audience was addressed by nine different speakers. They represented England, France, Germany, the United States, Switzerland, Spain, and Japan. The great speech of the occasion was delivered by Père HYACINTHE. He spoke for an hour, and was listened to with the greatest attention.

The work of the conference has thus far been preparatory, but its importance as a step in the direction of peaceful arbitration in place of appeals to the sword can hardly be overestimated. Slowly but surely the nations are coming to the belief that international difficulties can be settled by other methods than war. England, Italy, and Sweden have already through their several legislatures declared in favor of the reform of international law and arbitration; and on the 25th of June of the present year the United States Senate confirmed the resolutions condemning war and favoring arbitration which had been adopted by the House a few days before. The great warlike nations of Europe—Germany, France, and Russia—as yet evince no disposition to encourage the movement. Germany is flushed with recent military glory, France thirsts for revenge upon the battle-field, and Russia dreams of new conquests in the East. The progress of this great reform, beset by such formidable obstacles, must necessarily be slow. But in the end, as nations become enlightened, and their rulers feel the pressure of popular opinion, the principles put forth by the conference must prevail. A great step will be accomplished if, at the next annual meeting of the association, a complete codification of the Law of Nations can be submitted, together with a well-defined scheme for the establishment of an "international tribunal." Mr. NAST's fine cartoon, given on our opening pages, not only expresses an aspiration of humanity, but is a prophetic vision of what the world will see in the happier time to come, when swords will be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and when the victories of peace shall banish the horrors of war.

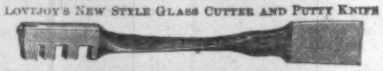
ONE of the most striking of what may be called the emotional arguments in favor of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul of man, is the propensity innate in the race to perpetuate fleeting thoughts and evanescent impressions in enduring material. It was a lofty perception of the highest form of truth which enabled the Roman poet to feel that his own harmonious words really were a monument of the thoughts they embodied "more lasting than bronze." But for one great poet who could feel this, every age of human history has furnished hundreds of clever artists who could accomplish the simpler part of "wreaking themselves" upon metal. Bronze became in the very earliest times the favorite of all such workers. Its plasticity at one temperature, combined with its rigidity and durability at another, enabled the artist to accomplish the immortality he sighed for, even more completely than he could have attained it in marble or in stone, yet with one-tenth or even one-hundredth part of the expenditure of time and toil. The same qualities of the same material have preserved its value in the arts through all succeeding ages; and there is no better barometer, perhaps, of the Æsthetic condition of a given century than the prosperity or the depression during that century of the art of working in bronze. When Constantine the Great made the Christian Church the church of the civilized world, he lavished upon the great cathedrals of the Empire, gates, altar-pieces, candelabra, lamps, ornaments of bronze of all sorts, cast for these purposes in many different cities of Europe and Asia. The Theodosian code promulgated in the middle of the Vth century of our era, exempted expressly all workers in bronze, *ærarii* and *fusores* from personal taxes. After the Vandalic, Hungarian, and Saracenic tides of invasion swept over the Roman world, we find the manufacture of bronze driven to the East, nor does it really reappear again in the West until the Church, grown powerful and wealthy, was enabled to revive it nearly a thousand years afterward. No subsequent age has seen it flourish so extensively and so brilliantly as our own. A visit to the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John Street (up stairs), will surprise those who have not attended carefully to the subject, with a new sense of the resources which this manufacture now affords for the artistic decoration in the most varied directions of daily life and of the civilized home.—[*Com.*]

THE publishers of the popular game of AVILUDE have just issued a new game called PORTRAIT AUTHORS. It has sixty-four cards, thirty-two of which have excellent portraits of popular authors, while the other thirty-two (equally necessary to the interest of the game), have accurate and authentic sketches of the life and works of same authors. Among the portraits is an admirable one of GEO. WM. CURTIS, the Editor of this paper, which is alone worth the price of all. Every reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY should have it. Address the West & Lee Game Co., Worcester, Mass., who will send it, postpaid, on receipt of fifty cents.—[*Com.*]

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Famous
VITALIZING
TONIC
and **INVIGORATOR,** and a prompt and radical cure for General Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and Weakness of every description.
WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITE
of Lime and Soda.
This famous **Tonic** and **Invigorator** acts like magic, rapidly restoring the Health and Strength, and **building up, invigorating,** and **vitalizing** the whole system, imparting Tone, Vigor, and Energy, and making the patient feel like a new being. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and all Chest and Throat Diseases it is the grandest and best remedy known. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by all druggists. 36 John St., New York.

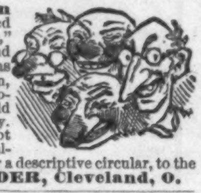
LOVEJOY'S NEW STYLE GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE

Will cut glass better than a diamond. A child can use it. It is worth more than its cost if only used once. Sent to your address in a neat box, prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. Beware of worthless imitations. Liberal discount to dealers.

200 **DECALCOMANIE Pictures** and 60 pp. Catalogue, 25 cts. J. J. GOULD, Boston, Mass.

10 **Beautiful Transfer Pictures,** instructions & catalogue, 10 cts. Easily transferred. 5 Gem Chromos 10 cts. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 71 Pine St. N.Y.

WATCHES.
TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, N. Y.,
Having completed their factory at Place Cornavin, Geneva, Switzerland, are now receiving full lines of Watches of their own manufacture.
In addition to their Stem-winding Standard Watch for gentlemen, they offer a full assortment of complicated Watches.
CHRONOGRAPHS marking fifth seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split and independent seconds,
REPEATERS striking hours and 5 minutes,
REPEATERS striking hours and minutes,
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS striking hours and quarters,
CALENDAR WATCHES showing day of the week, month, and changes of the moon.
Their Watches for Ladies are of the same system as their standard Watch, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, are stronger, and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.
Silver Watches for Boys, fine movements, in very desirable sizes, both stem and key winders.
All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.

Amateur Workers in
FANCY WOODS
Can be supplied with the following HARD and RARE WOODS, planed ready for use, in 1/8, 3/16, 1/4, 3/8 inch and upward: Cash to accompany orders. Rosewood, Satin-wood, Holly, Walnut, Mahogany, Ebony, Red and White Cedar, Bird's-eye Maple, &c.
Geo. W. Read & Co.,
186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.
☞ Orders by mail will have prompt and careful attention. Enclose stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

THESE Gentlemen have seen and are pleased with the chromos "Pluck," which for their humor and fine moral lesson, as well as the excellence of execution, are the most popular chromos of the day, and should have a place in every family. **Price $10 the Pair.** If not found at your Picture Dealers send your order, or for a descriptive circular, to the publisher, **J. F. RYDER, Cleveland, O.**


BABIES.
All articles for young children. Ask to see the new shirred Velvet Bonnet.
EDWARD A. MORRISON,
893 BROADWAY and 13 E. 19th St.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC
WEATHER HOUSES
Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

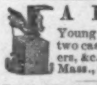
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK
Offers to and will give to every Subscriber, whether Single or in a Club, who pays in advance for 1875, and remits direct to this office,
A Copy of "THE RESCUE,"
the Handsomest Chromo ever offered. Terms, $3 00 per annum. For Circulars containing terms for Clubs, &c., address L. A. GODEY,
N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARTSHORN SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
☞ No cords or balances. Models and terms sent to trade.
STEWART HARTSHORN, 486 Broadway, N. Y.

Imitation Gold Watches and CHAINS, at $15, $20, and $25. Each Chain $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. *No Agents.* COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696.

Clarke's
New Method for *Piano-Forte.*
Endorsed by the Musical, Educational and general Press, and by Good Teachers, to be
Beyond all Comparison the Best
to be had at Book and Music stores.
Sent by Mail, Price, $3.75.
LEE & WALKER, } **922 Chestnut St. PHILADELPHIA.**

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.


A Printing Office for $15.00!
Young America Press, 3 founts of type with spaces, two cases, composing stick, leads, ink, furniture, tweezers, &c. Address JOS. WATSON, 73 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or 53 Murray St., New York. Send for Circular.

THE TOLL-GATE! **Prize Picture** sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

AVILUDE;
OR GAME OF

A NEW EDITION JUST ISSUED.
ONLY 50 CENTS A GAME.
Happy now are the children whose thoughtful parents have bought for them "Avilude, or Game of Birds." They gather around the table with bright eyes and smiling faces as it is announced "We are to have a game of Avilude." A WHOLE WINTER of enjoyment combined with instruction for FIFTY CENTS.
Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
WEST & LEE GAME CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

ANOTHER CHANCE!
FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.
POSTPONED TO
November 30th, 1874.
DRAWING CERTAIN AT THAT DATE.
LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift		$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift		100,000
One Grand Cash Gift		75,000
One Grand Cash Gift		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift		25,000
5 Cash Gifts,	$20,000 each	100,000
10 Cash Gifts,	14,000 each	140,000
15 Cash Gifts,	10,000 each	150,000
20 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each	100,000
25 Cash Gifts,	4,000 each	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000 each	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000 each	100,000
100 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each	100,000
240 Cash Gifts,	500 each	120,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100 each	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts,	50 each	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts	all cash	2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets	$50 00
Halves	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22 1-2 Tickets for	1,000 00

For Tickets and information,
Address
THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.,
Or THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
609 Broadway, New York.

Do your own Printing with a
NOVELTY PRESS.
The Best Yet Invented.
For Amateur or Business Purposes, and unsurpassed for general Job Printing. Over 10,000 in Use.
BENJ. O. WOODS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in every description of
PRINTING MATERIAL,
349 Federal and 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston.
AGENTS—E. F. MacKusick, 6 Murray St., New York. Kelley, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Philadelphia. S. P. Rounds, 175 Munroe St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

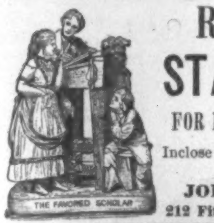
Day Positively Fixed.
SECOND AND LAST
Grand Gift Concert
IN AID OF THE
MASONIC RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
OF NORFOLK, VA.,
THURSDAY, NOV. 19th, 1874.
50,000 TICKETS---6000 CASH GIFTS.
$250,000!
TO BE GIVEN AWAY!!
Whole Tickets, $10 00; Half Tickets, $5 00; Quarter Tickets, $2 50; Eleven Whole Tickets or 22 Half Tickets for $100. No discount on less amount.
For Tickets and Circulars giving full information, apply to the Home Office, NORFOLK, VA., or the Branch Office of the Association (Room 25), 78 and 80 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
HENRY V. MOORE, Secretary.

Self-Propelling Chairs.
For CRIPPLES and INVALIDS.
Can be *easily* propelled, either in or out doors, by any one having the use of hands.
State your weight, and send stamp for illustrated catalogue of different styles and prices.
Please mention this paper.

S. A. SMITH,
No. 32 Platt St.,
N. Y. City.

STAR JOB PRINTING-PRESS.
The Best Invented.
Price, $12, $25, $38, & $60.
Send stamp for Catalogue, to W. Y. EDWARDS, Agent, 16 College Place, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of ART,
No. 128 West 14th St., New York.
The Museum will be open daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Gallery of Pictures by old masters; Loan collection of Pictures and other art objects; Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities. Admission 25 cents. Mondays FREE. Catalogues can be had at the Museum.



ROGERS' STATUARY,

FOR HOUSE AND LAWN.

Inclose 10 cents for Catalogue and prints, to
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WATERS'S NEW SCALE PIANOS are the best made. Prices low for cash or on installments. Send for Catalogue. Instruments rented until rent money pays for them. Agents wanted.
HORACE WATERS & SON, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

WATERS'S Celebrated CONCERTO ORGANS can not be excelled in tone or beauty; they defy competition. Catalogues mailed. Instruments rented until rent money pays for them. Agents wanted. HORACE WATERS & SON, 481 Broadway.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	No. 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
ALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21
LADY'S RIDING HABIT (Postillion Basque and English Riding Skirt)	" 22
BELTED BASQUE, with Long Apron and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 23
GIRL'S BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-skirt, and Skirt (for girl from 4 to 13 years old)	" 25
PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27
CUIRASS BASQUE, ROUND APRON, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 33
LADY'S GABRIELLE WRAPPER	" 35
FRENCH SACQUE, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT with Pleated Back	" 41
ENGLISH CUIRASS, OVER-SKIRT WITH POCKETS, AND WALKING SKIRT	" 41
CUIRASS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 43

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$100,000 GIVEN AWAY!
NO POSTPONEMENT!
GRAND MUSICAL JUBILEE
AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA,
Thursday, November 26th, 1874.
Agents wanted. For particulars address
N. HATTENBACH & CO., Sioux City, Iowa.

EMPLOYMENT.

I want **1000** agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST, and THE GROWING WORLD. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

NO CORSET should be worn without FOLLETT'S PATENT ELASTIC ATTACHMENT. Laces into any corset, giving grace and comfort. Sold at principal stores, or sent by mail on receipt of 50c. Send for circular. J. B. COLT, Sole Manufacturer, 47 Beekman Street, New York.

$350 A MONTH. Agents wanted. Ten best selling articles in the world. Circulars free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Michigan.

WILLSON'S INDUSTRIAL DRAWING SERIES.

WHAT PRACTICAL MEN THINK OF "WILLSON'S SYSTEM."

From WM. CLEVELAND HICKS, A.M., *Consulting Engineer and Expert in Patent Causes, and Lecturer on Civil Engineering and Mechanical Science in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.*

[Mr. Hicks has been Superintendent of some of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England, and has a *practical* knowledge of Mechanical Drawing in all its departments.]

I have carefully examined the books which illustrate your new method of Drawing, called Cabinet Perspective, and am convinced that you have solved a difficult problem in a very practical way. Engineers and mechanics have been heretofore much perplexed in attempting to place before constructors the complete idea of their designs, for the want of some practical and simple method of illustrating machines, or parts of machines, as a whole, without the resort to sections and different views requiring the exercise of the imagination to connect them together in the mind. The only perspective views which at all answer a practical purpose are Isometrical; but a mechanic must have a thorough knowledge of drawing, and be well versed in mathematics, to work to advantage from them, while any ordinary mind can understand the principles on which your Perspective is constructed, and can readily measure and work from drawings where multiplying or dividing by 2 is all the mathematics required.

I think your Cabinet Perspective is sufficiently accurate and correct for all practical purposes, as the true artistic effect is not of much account to the workman, provided he can understand the part to be made, and can find out the dimensions.

Your system will enable scholars in our public schools to learn drawing to some useful purpose, and will undoubtedly induce *all* to attempt to master it. The importance of such instruction will hardly need an argument in this country and at this time.

From F. G. FOWLER, *the Inventor of the "Fowler Propeller," and Superintendent of the "Fowler Steering Propeller Co."*

I have examined Willson's "Industrial Drawing Series," and regard it as embodying the best system that has come under my observation. The arrangement is such that the whole subject can be comprehended at a glance; and so complete is the method of illustration that it can be studied to good advantage without the aid of a teacher. Could I have been in possession of it at the beginning of my practice, it would have saved me much time and labor.

From HENRY I. HOYT, *President of the Norwalk, Conn., Iron Works.*

Accidentally seeing a set of Willson's Industrial Drawing Books, and a copy of the Guide, my attention was attracted by the originality of the plan. In some respects it commended itself to my approval: in others the effect produced was unpleasant—violating the perspective, as the ordinary systems of drawing train the eye to look upon it. But, setting prejudice aside, and looking at the utility of the principle involved, with reference to educating the rising generation in drawing (especially mechanical), I saw so many advantages and facilities as to remove all my doubts; and I have no hesitation in commending it as *the best* system I have any knowledge of. I shall urge its adoption in the schools which my children attend.

From Capt. W. S. EDWARDS, *Civil Engineer, U. S. Coast Survey.*

I have received specimen numbers of the "Industrial Drawing Series," of which I very much approve; and I shall urge the adoption of the work in our Public Schools. Its superiority over the present style of drawing I do not think can be gainsaid by any one who has at all examined the subject. The system enables one who has but little natural talent for drawing to make working plans, on an easily understood scale, of parts of machinery, carpenter's work, mason's work—and, in fact, any mechanical work—in a manner that can be thoroughly understood by any mechanic, giving in all cases the accurate dimensions for construction. In our Public Schools, where, unavoidably, but little time can be given to instruction in drawing, the student can easily, by this system, take any common object, and make a working drawing of it, without that close attention from an instructor which the old system requires.

From E. P. MORGAN, *Engineer of the Saco, Me., Water-Power Machine Shops.*

I have examined with much interest your "Cabinet Perspective," and am very favorably impressed by the simplicity and practicability of your method of representing solids. With geometrical representations for working drawings, I have found, with few exceptions, much difficulty in giving workmen a clear understanding of the form and dimensions required. The difficulty experienced by the workmen is in making the combination mentally, and viewing two or three geometrical representations as one. Much valuable time is consumed in giving explanations and instruction, which, with your method of representation in Cabinet Perspective, would be unnecessary. The facility and accuracy with which the great variety of problems given in your Manual can be solved by your system render it eminently adapted to the wants of mechanics and artisans; and I take pleasure in recommending it for elementary instruction of the masses generally.

This Series furnishes a full course in Industrial Drawing for Grammar Grades, and is complete in Four Numbers, price 40 cents per Number; or, it may be had in Eight Parts, at 25 cents per Part.

The Series also includes the Drawing-Guide, which is a Manual of Explanations, Principles, and Problems for Practice for the Teacher. Price $1 00.

Supplies for first introduction will be furnished at a liberal discount.

Specimen copies for examination will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of half retail price.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

$2500 A YEAR made with our grand **COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.** Represents 50 different books. Agents say this is the **BEST THING EVER TRIED.** The books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a business for life in one county. Agents wanted on these and our magnificent editions of Family Bibles. Full particulars free on application. Address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

CANVASSERS *positively* make enough from now till January to keep them a year. ☞ **Entirely New Features.** Immense success. Be quick. Call, or send 2 stamps for specimens to T. E. MOORE, Publisher, 11 Dey St., N.Y.

BOOK CANVASSERS WANTED.—Competent and experienced Agents, who *mean business*, are wanted in every city and town in the United States and Provinces to sell by subscription two *new* and *popular* books, viz: *A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, by Rev. Lyman Abbott; and the *Life of Admiral Foote, U. S. N.*, by Prof. Hoppin, of Yale College. In a few weeks the Prospectus and order books will be ready for the last work of the late Dr. David Livingstone, the only authorized edition that will be published. Terms liberal. For further particulars, apply to or address
AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
Prof. FOWLER'S Great WORK
On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Inter-Relations; Love, its Laws, Power, &c. Agents are selling from **15** to **25** copies a day. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; or Chicago, Ill.

HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.—Moustache and Whiskers in **42** days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others. Gamblers' Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the ORIGINAL **"Book of Wonders."** Mailed for 25 cents. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois.

Work for all At home, male or female; **$35 per week,** day or evening. **No Capital. We send valuable package of goods** by mail **free.** Address with ten cent return stamp, M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two $5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Br'way, N. Y.

5000 FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED
On Potter's Complete
BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA.
Contains **2000** quarto pages and **3000** Illustrations. A BIBLE DICTIONARY, a THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY, a BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, and an ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY all in one. No other work like it. **Covers the whole field of Religious Literature.** In Two noble Volumes. Vol. I. now ready. For Circulars, terms, &c., address **JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,** Publishers, Phila.

AGENTS WANTED! DIPLOMA AWARDED for HOLMAN'S NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES
1300 Illustrations. Address, for Circulars, **A. J. HOLMAN & CO.,** 930 ARCH St., Phila.

CAN You Write Short-hand? Decidedly the BEST system and books on Phonography are the Inventor's own latest editions. For sale only by W. GEO. WARING, American Phonetic Depot, Tyrone, Pa. Send stamp for Catalogue, &c.

☞ **A New Chemical Discovery.** ☜
Agents Wanted—"BUTTER COMPOUND"—½ lb. fresh, pure, sweet Butter from quart of milk. One-half saved. Recipe and Sample, with full instructions for making, $2 00. Artificial Butter Company, Elizabeth, N. J.

CHILDREN'S JOLLY GAME CO., Buffalo, N.Y.
Want smart Agents every where. Big pay for all.

NEW, ATTRACTIVE, USEFUL GOODS.—Never canvassed; splendid terms; loss impossible; unsold goods returnable. Samples, postpaid, 50 cents. ☞ Circulars free. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt Street, New York.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY—At the Union Telegraph Co.'s College. Small salary paid while practicing. Address, with stamp, C. A. SHERMAN,
Sup't U. T. Co., Oberlin, Ohio.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address Dorman's Stencil and Stamp Works, BALTIMORE, MD.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent. a month. Send for particulars. Tumbridge & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall St, N.Y.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. FOOTE'S HOME,

STAMFORD, CONN.

This institution will hereafter be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, and from opium; and to the treatment of milder forms of mental aberration.

From our past experience and success with the *Homeopathic treatment* in these affections, we can promise, when sufficient time is given, a radical cure in all cases where the patient has desire for recovery.

Terms, for inebriates, $20 to $30 a week. For further particulars, address GEO. F. FOOTE, M.D.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HOPPIN'S LIFE OF ADMIRAL FOOTE. Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By JAMES MASON HOPPIN, Professor in Yale College. With a Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

II.

LATIN HYMNS, with English Notes. For use in Schools and Colleges. By F. A. MARCH, LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

III.

BACON'S GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES. The Genesis of the New England Churches. By LEONARD BACON. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

IV.

SMITH'S FRENCH PRINCIPIA. The French Principia, Part I. A First French Course, containing Grammar, Delectus, Exercise-Book, and Vocabularies. On the same plan as Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina.* 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

V.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE OXUS AND THE FALL OF KHIVA. By J. A. MACGAHAN. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

VI.

LEWIS'S HISTORY OF GERMANY. A History of Germany, from the Earliest Times. Founded on Dr. DAVID MÜLLER'S "History of the German People." By CHARLTON T. LEWIS. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VII.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1875. With 90 Original Illustrations by THOMAS NAST. Price 25 cents. Five copies sent to one address, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 00.

VIII.

MILL'S LOGIC. Revised Edition. A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By JOHN STUART MILL. Printed from the Eighth London edition. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00; Sheep, $3 50.

IX.

GILLMORE'S PRAIRIE AND FOREST. Prairie and Forest: A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit. By PARKER GILLMORE ("Ubique"). Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A SACK OF GOLD. By the Author of "Joseph the Jew." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S Squire Arden. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

BLACKMORE'S Lorna Doone. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

MISS CRAIK'S Sylvia's Choice. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SALEM. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. CASTLETON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S For Love and Life. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TROLLOPE'S Doctor Thorne. Popular Edition. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

PAYN'S The Best of Husbands. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DE MILLE'S The Living Link. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

MISS BRADDON'S Taken at the Flood. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROBINSON'S Second-Cousin Sarah. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

We want a First-class Agent in every County in the UNITED STATES, and also in EUROPE, to sell the WORLD-RENOWNED WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES, and the WILSON MANUFACTURING MACHINES, to whom we are prepared to offer EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS. For full particulars, apply or address WILSON SEWING-MACHINE CO., 827 and 829 Broadway, New York.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO EXPORTERS.

$60 TO 90 a-week and expenses to all. Articles new: staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON & BRO., N. Y. or Chicago.

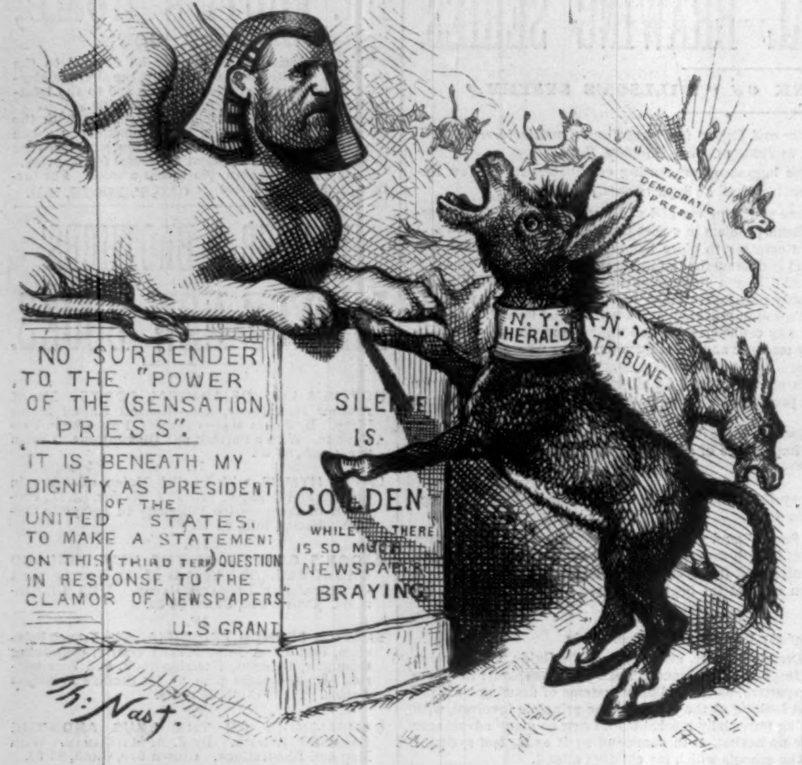
AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

Free SAMPLE to Agents. Ladies' Combination Needle-Book, with Chromos. Send stamp. DEAN & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS MAN'G Co., Waltham, Mass.

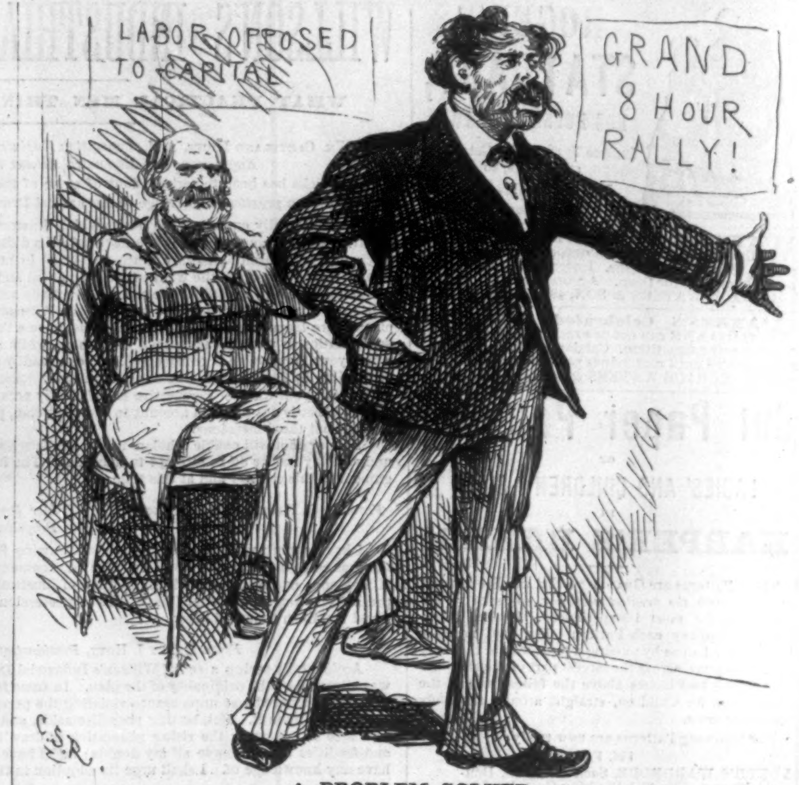
Money Made Rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, Samples and full particulars **Free.** S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston.

$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. GEO. L. FELTON & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.


NO SURRENDER TO THE "POWER OF THE (SENSATION) PRESS".
"IT IS BENEATH MY DIGNITY AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO MAKE A STATEMENT ON THIS (THIRD TERM) QUESTION IN RESPONSE TO THE CLAMOR OF NEWSPAPERS."
U.S. GRANT
SILENCE IS GOLDEN WHILE THERE IS SO MUCH NEWSPAPER BRAYING
N.Y. HERALD
N.Y. TRIBUNE.
THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.
Th: Nast.

GOLD AND BRASS.

"We may justly inquire out of what sort of superior human clay is he made that he stands so far above the newspapers?"—*N. Y. Herald*, Oct. 29.


LABOR OPPOSED TO CAPITAL
GRAND 8 HOUR RALLY!
C.S.R.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

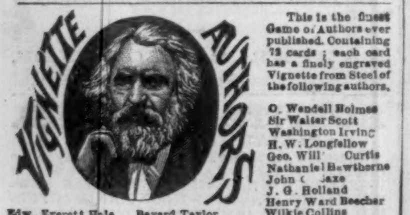
Mr. O'Blunder. "Mr. Chairman, Sor, I roise t' offer a Compromise. Whereas Capital declines t' allow six hours as a day's work, now, Sor, Resolved, that from now, forever, and forever, thurr-ty minutes makes wan hour."

C. G. Gunther's Sons,
502–504 BROADWAY,
Offer their Extensive Stock of
LADIES' FURS,
at the Lowest possible Prices.
SEAL-SKIN FURS,
in great variety, including
Seal-Skin Sacques,
of all Grades and Styles.
FUR TRIMMINGS,
in very Large Assortment, of every description.
502-504 BROADWAY.

CHILDREN TEETHING

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething has stood the test of thirty years. Millions of mothers can testify that it is reliable. Relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, regulates the bowels, gives an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest.

STEINWAY
Grand, Square, & Upright Pianos.
First of the Grand Gold Medals of Honor.
World's Fair, Paris, 1867—London, 1862.
☞ Illustrated Catalogues, with Price-List, mailed free on application.
STEINWAY & SONS' Warerooms,
109 & 111 East 14th St., N. Y.



This is the finest Game of Authors ever published. Containing 72 cards; each card has a finely engraved Vignette from Steel of the following authors,
O. Wendell Holmes
Sir Walter Scott
Washington Irving
H. W. Longfellow
Geo. William Curtis
Nathaniel Hawthorne
John G. Saxe
J. G. Holland
Henry Ward Beecher
Wilkie Collins
J. Fenimore Cooper
Wm. Cullen Bryant
Edw. Everett Hale
John G. Whittier
W. M. Thackery
Bayard Taylor
Charles Dickens
J. Russell Lowell
For Sale by all Booksellers, Stationers and Toy Dealers, or mailed post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by
E. C. SELCHOW & CO., 41 John Street, N. Y.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Do Your Own PRINTING OUTFITS From $1 up. Catalogue Free.
Family Printer for Cards & Clothing $1 o3. Diamond Press. for Cards & Circulars $5 to 10. Pearl Press for all job work $25 to 125.
GOLDING & Co. 14 Kilby St. Boston

Silver
Bridal Gifts.

The Gorham Company,
Silversmiths. Established 1831.
No. 1 Bond St., N. Y.

Rich Bridal Gifts.—Testimonial Pieces.—Family Silver.—Forks and Spoons.—Services for Tea, Dinner, Lunch, &c., &c., of Sterling Purity only.

Those desirous of obtaining articles of Solid Silver, bearing the Gorham Sterling Stamp (Lion, Anchor, and the letter G), *which is a positive guarantee of purity*, may do so through the leading Jewelers throughout the country upon terms as favorable as if obtained from the Gorham Company direct.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
54,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

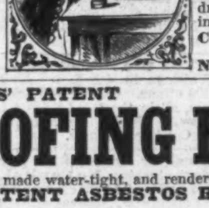
HERRING'S SAFES
FOR OFFICES, FOR BANKS, FOR DWELLINGS, FOR STORES, FOR EVERY BODY.
Herrings & Farrel,
251 and 252 Broadway, N. Y.

INTEGRITY. INDUSTRY.
Write your Address Plain and in Full.
Send us 50c. by letter, and we will send, postpaid, by
U. S. MAIL,
ONE POUND PACKAGE OF FINE TEA,
GREEN, BLACK, JAPAN, or MIXED, AS ORDERED.
No agents; no poor tea; no long stories. "We are of, by, and for the people." Order a Sample Pound, and if you are afraid to trust us we will trust you.
PAXSON VICKERS' SONS,
P. O. Drawer, 20. 130 & 132 Water St., N. Y.
ABILITY. PLUCK.

SPRINGFIELD
GAS MACHINE
238 CANAL ST.
NEW YORK
Illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages sent free.

GUERLAIN'S
CELEBRATED
Paris
Perfumery.
A CHOICE ASSORTMENT WILL BE FOUND AT
A. T. Stewart & Co.'s,
Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

WHAT AN IDEA ye Jolliest Game in the Whole World GAME of PUNCH & JUDY. PRICE 100 CE Post Paid
The most Gloriously *Jolly*—**X**quisitely *Original*—**D**lightfully *Social* Game ever Invented—*Just as Full of Fun as it can stick*—Young and Old Play it—Children are crazy over it—Nothing so ☞ some ever published before.
For sale every where, or send to
Children's JOLLY GAME Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Electro-Silicon
is guaranteed to be the best article known for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD, SILVER, WARE, &c. Try it. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores, and jewelers.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 GoldSt., N.Y.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT
ASBESTOS ROOFING PAINT
Old Shingle, Tin, Slate, Felt, and other Roofs can be made water-tight, and rendered serviceable for many years at a trifling cost with H. W. JOHNS' PATENT ASBESTOS ROOFING PAINT AND CEMENT.
ASBESTOS PAINTS, all colors, for general purposes.
ASBESTOS ROOFING, for steep or flat roofs, in all climates.
ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING, SHEATHING AND ROOFING FELTS, &c.
These materials are prepared ready for use, and can be applied by any one. Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Instructions, &c.
Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, Established 1858. } H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Choice Jersey Cows
AND CATTLE FOR SALE,
All registered in American Jersey Cattle-Club Herd-Book. Also,
BERKSHIRE and Small White SWINE,
MASTIFFS and DEER-HOUNDS.
Address HERBERT MEADE, Waccabuc Farm, Golden Bridge, N. Y.

AMUSING, CURIOUS, AND INTENSELY INTERESTING.
☞ *A Book for all who are interested in the Labor Question.*
SHOWS HOW WORKING MEN MAY BECOME CAPITALISTS.
THE
COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES
OF
The United States.
By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

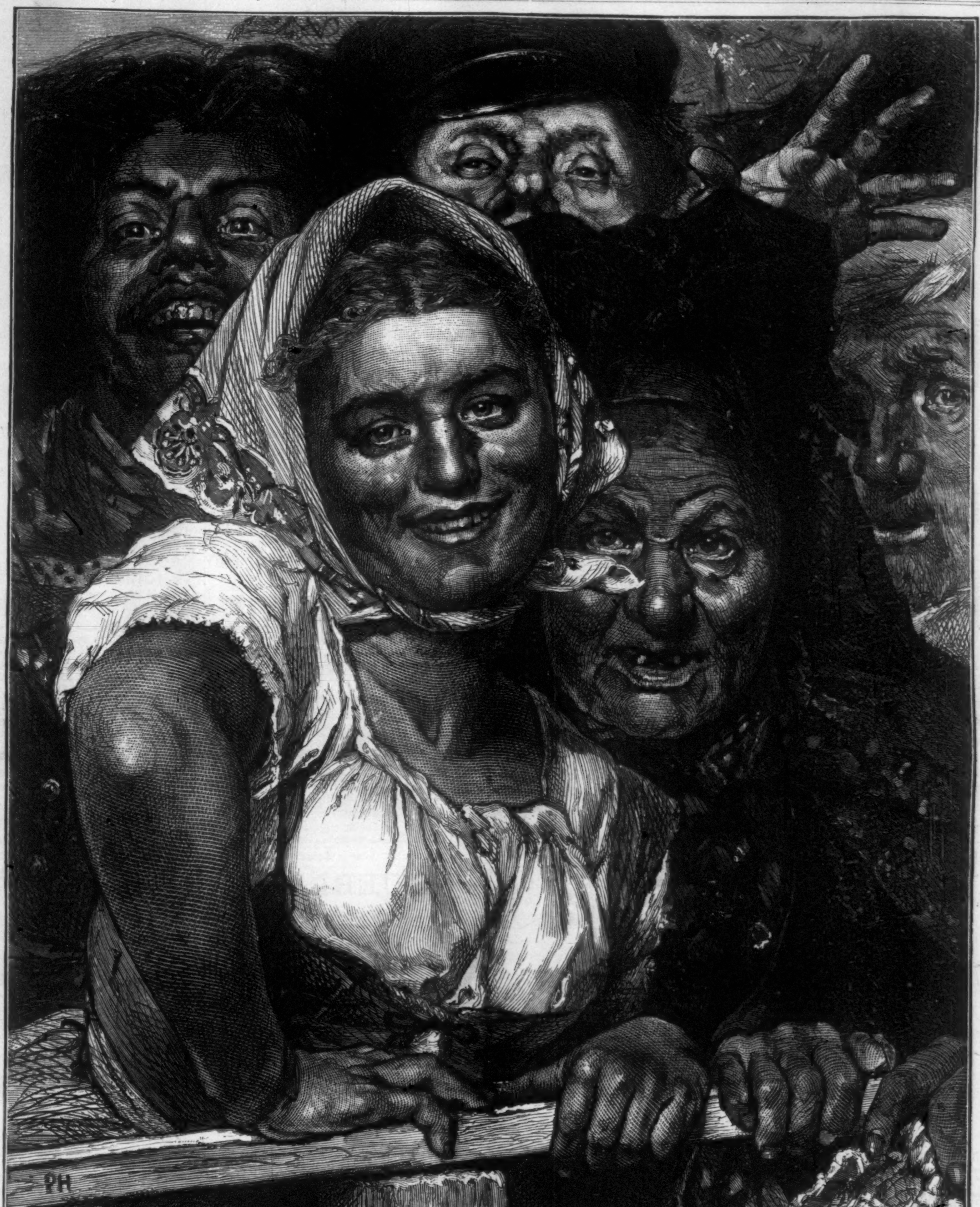
It gives full and detailed accounts, FROM PERSONAL VISITS, of LIFE AMONG THE
SHAKERS,
ECONOMISTS,
EBEN-EZERS or AMANA INSPIRATIONISTS,
ZOARITES,
ONEIDA PERFECTIONISTS,
ICARIANS,
BETHEL, AND AURORA SOCIETIES,
And other Communes.

It contains their Curious Rules of living; describes FULLY their Social and Religious Meetings; gives extracts from their peculiar hymns and religious books; has full accounts of their industries, and how and why they have become wealthy; and also full and accurate accounts, in most cases now for the FIRST TIME made public, of their peculiar and often strange and extraordinary Social and Religious customs, their constitutions, organization, manner of government, and their beliefs.

In the concluding chapters the author shows why and how nearly all communistic societies have rapidly become wealthy; and gives a summary of suggestions, How to form a successful community.

It is a Book for Farmers.
a Book for Mechanics.
a Book for a Winter Evening.
a Book for a Journey.
a Book for Book-Clubs.

In Press by Harper & Brothers, New York.
PRICE $4 00.
AGENTS WANTED
For the above work.
Apply to AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, New York.



THE SPECTATORS.—[FROM A PAINTING IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF LONDON.]

THE SPECTATORS.

WE can't say much for the beauty of the group represented in our engraving, which we can well believe to be an accurate study from nature, but there is an expression of hearty and good-humored enjoyment on every face that relieves its ugliness. The subject is one that may be seen almost every pleasant summer day in the large towns of France and Spain—a group of peasant folk looking at some out-door show, such as Punch and Judy, or some dramatic performance by a company of strolling comedians, or, it may be, at the antics of some itinerant quack doctor, who makes a not overdelicate use of his wit to recommend his nostrums, infallible remedies for every ill that human flesh is heir to.

(Continued from No. 932, page 926.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

I FOUND HIM GARRULOUSLY GIVEN.

THE oldest inn in Seacomb was the New London Inn, built upon the site of a still more ancient hostelry, but itself well-nigh two hundred years old. The quadrangular yard, in which the coaches were wont to stand, was now embellished with a glazed roof, and served for the assembling of farmers on market-days. Here was held the corn exchange, and samples of grain were exhibited and bargains made amidst a lively hubbub, while the odor of roast beef and pastry pervaded the atmosphere.

Here Humphrey and Martin parted, the former telling his friend that he had business to transact in Seacomb, the young Cornishman bidding his companion a reluctant farewell.

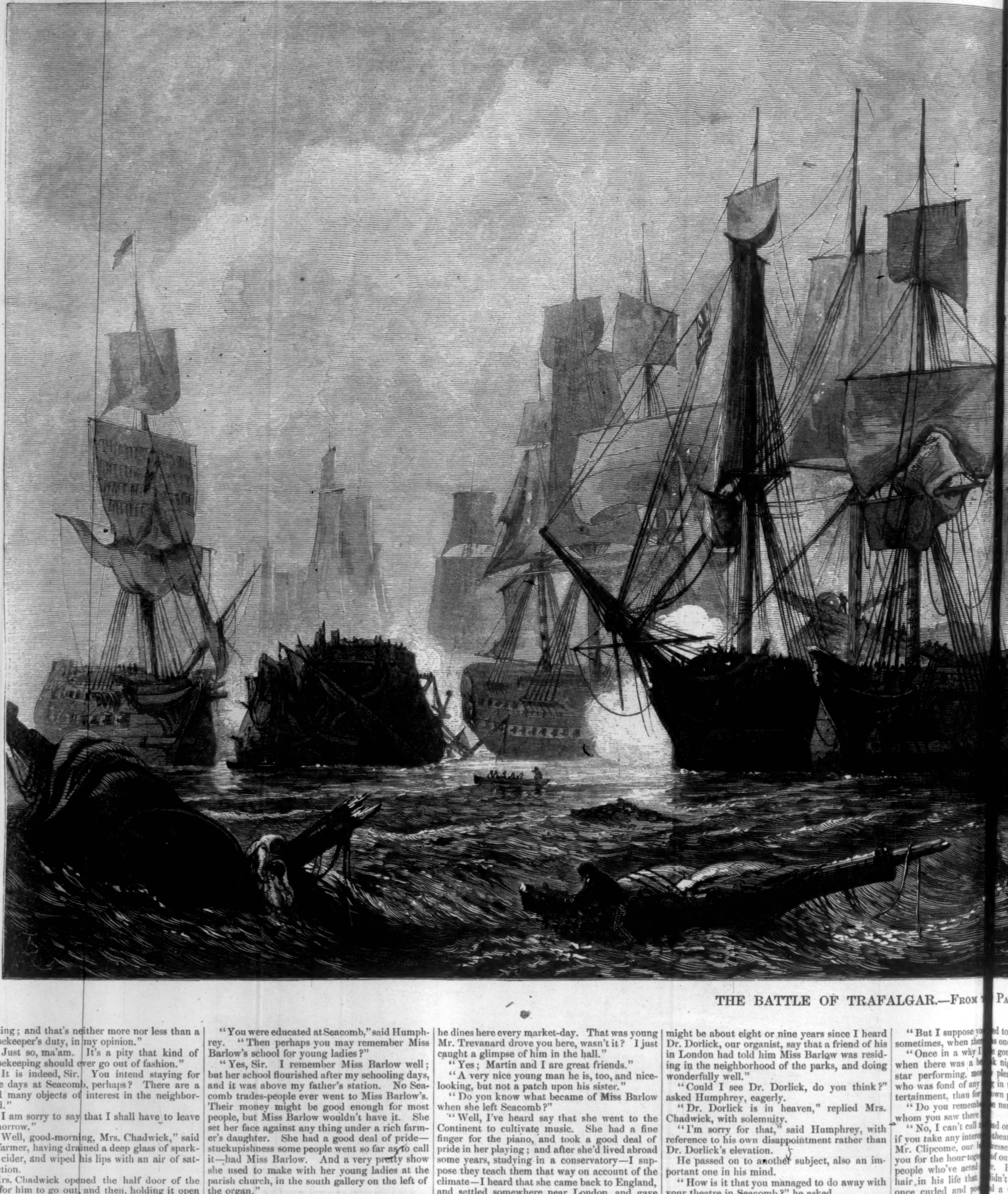
As soon as the dog-cart had driven off, Humphrey strolled into the bar, called for soda-water and sherry, and surveyed his ground. On the other side of the shining counter a comfortable-looking elderly matron, in a black silk gown and a cap with rose-colored ribbons, was engaged in conversation with a stalwart gray-coated farmer, who had been admitted to the privileged sanctorum within. "The landlady, evidently," thought Humphrey.

He sipped his sherry and soda, and asked if he could be accommodated with an airy bedroom.

"Certainly, Sir. You'd like a room on the first floor, perhaps, overlooking the street. Chamber-maid, show No. 10."

"I won't trouble to look at the room, thank you, ma'am. I've no doubt it's all that's comfortable."

"There's not much fear about that, Sir. I look after my bedrooms myself, and always have done so for the last thirty years. I go into every room in the house every morning, after the chamber-maids have done their sweeping and



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—From [illegible] Pain

dusting; and that's neither more nor less than a housekeeper's duty, in my opinion."

"Just so, ma'am. It's a pity that kind of housekeeping should ever go out of fashion."

"It is indeed, Sir. You intend staying for some days at Seacomb, perhaps? There are a good many objects of interest in the neighborhood."

"I am sorry to say that I shall have to leave to-morrow."

"Well, good-morning, Mrs. Chadwick," said the farmer, having drained a deep glass of sparkling cider, and wiped his lips with an air of satisfaction.

Mrs. Chadwick opened the half door of the bar for him to go out, and then, holding it open politely, invited Mr. Clissold to enter.

"You may as well sit down, Sir, and take your soda and sherry," she said, nothing averse to a little gossip with the stranger.

"I shall be very glad to do so," answered Humphrey. "The fact is, I want a little friendly chat with some one who knows Seacomb, and I dare say you know pretty well as much as any one else about the town and its inhabitants."

The landlady smiled, as with inward satisfaction.

"It's my native town, Sir. I was born here, and brought up here, and educated here, and I could count the months I've spent away from Seacomb on my fingers. It isn't every body can say as much."

"You were educated at Seacomb," said Humphrey. "Then perhaps you may remember Miss Barlow's school for young ladies?"

"Yes, Sir. I remember Miss Barlow well; but her school flourished after my schooling days, and it was above my father's station. No Seacomb trades-people ever went to Miss Barlow's. Their money might be good enough for most people, but Miss Barlow wouldn't have it. She set her face against any thing under a rich farmer's daughter. She had a good deal of pride—stuckupishness some people went so far as to call it—had Miss Barlow. And a very pretty show she used to make with her young ladies at the parish church, in the south gallery on the left of the organ."

"Do you happen to remember a daughter of a Mr. Trevanard, of Borcel End?"

"Remember Miss Trevanard! I should think I did. She was about the prettiest girl I ever saw, and the Seacomb gentlemen would go out of their way to get a look at her. I've seen them hanging about the church door to watch Miss Barlow's young ladies come out, and heard them whisper, 'That's the beauty! That's Trevanard's daughter!' I thought she'd have made a rare good match when she left school, but she never married, and I believe she went a little queer in her head, or was bedridden, or some affliction of that kind, while she was quite young. I haven't heard any body mention her name for the last twenty years—not her own father, even, though he dines here every market-day. That was young Mr. Trevanard drove you here, wasn't it? I just caught a glimpse of him in the hall."

"Yes; Martin and I are great friends."

"A very nice young man he is, too, and nice-looking, but not a patch upon his sister."

"Do you know what became of Miss Barlow when she left Seacomb?"

"Well, I've heard say that she went to the Continent to cultivate music. She had a fine finger for the piano, and took a good deal of pride in her playing; and after she'd lived abroad some years, studying in a conservatory—I suppose they teach them that way on account of the climate—I heard that she came back to England, and settled somewhere near London, and gave lessons to the nobility and gentry, and stood very high in that way. She had made a nice little fortune at Seacomb before she retired, so she had no call to work unless she liked. But Miss Barlow wasn't the woman to be idle. She had a vast amount of energy."

A musical professor, and residing in the neighborhood of London. It seemed to Humphrey that, knowing this much, he ought to be able to find Miss Barlow. There was only the question of time.

"How long is it, do you imagine, since you last heard of this lady?" he asked, in a purely conversational tone.

"Well, I can't take upon myself to say very particularly for a year or so. But I think it might be about eight or nine years since I heard Dr. Dorlick, our organist, say that a friend of his in London had told him Miss Barlow was residing in the neighborhood of the parks, and doing wonderfully well."

"Could I see Dr. Dorlick, do you think?" asked Humphrey, eagerly.

"Dr. Dorlick is in heaven," replied Mrs. Chadwick, with solemnity.

"I'm sorry for that," said Humphrey, with reference to his own disappointment rather than Dr. Dorlick's elevation.

He passed on to another subject, also an important one in his mind.

"How is it that you managed to do away with your theatre in Seacomb?" he asked.

"Well, you see, Sir," returned Mrs. Chadwick, musingly, "I don't think the theatre ever fairly took with the Seacomb people. Ours is a serious town, and though there's plenty of spare room in our old parish church—a very fine old church, as you may have seen with your own eyes, but rather in want of repair—there's always a run upon our chapels, evening services, and tea meetings, and love-feasts, and what not. People must have excitement of some sort, no doubt, and the Seacomb people like chapel-going better than play-going, besides which it costs them less. I've no prejudices myself, and I know that a theatrical is a human being like myself; but I can't say that I've ever cared to see theatricals inside my doors."

"But I suppose yo[illegible]ed to go sometimes, when the[illegible]s one?"

"Once in a way I[illegible]e gone when there was a b[illegible]k night star performing, mo[illegible] please who was fond of any[illegible]g in the tertainment, than for [illegible]own ple

"Do you rememb[illegible]e name whom you saw there

"No, I can't call [illegible]nd one if you take any intere[illegible] theatri Mr. Clipcome, our h[illegible]resser. you for the hour toge[illegible]of our t people who've acted [illegible]e. He hair in his life that [illegible]idn't t once curled and po[illegible]l a wi brated Miss Foote t[illegible] Lady T his 'obby."

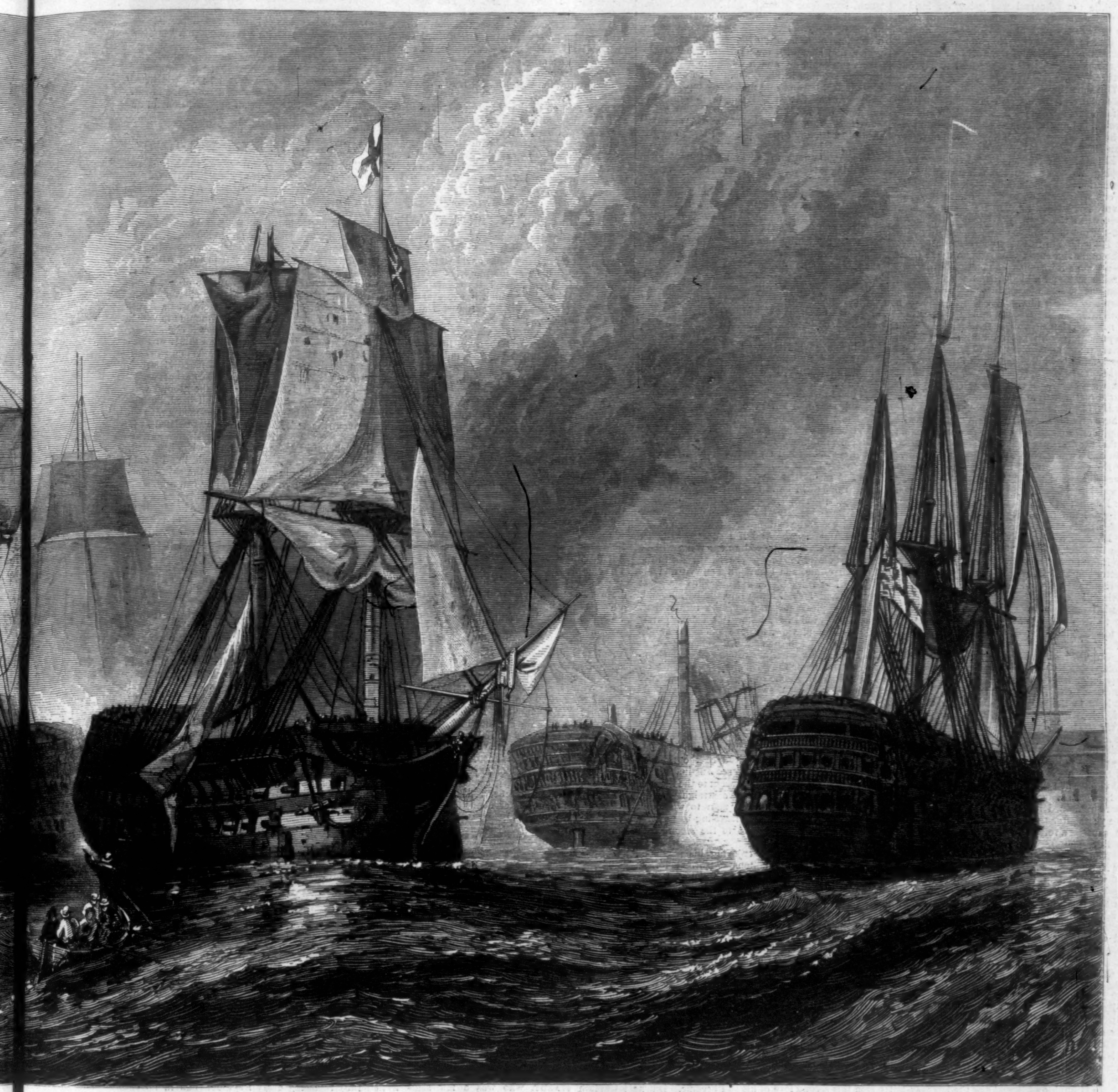
"Indeed! Then [illegible]hall cer upon Mr. Clipcome. [illegible]ere doe

"In a little court[illegible]he side Chapel, which was th[illegible]atre."

"Thanks, Mrs. C[illegible]ick," sa rising. "I'll step [illegible] to Mr once, and get him t[illegible]e me th I've been running to [illegible]lately. be kind enough to o[illegible]e a littl in the coffee-room at [illegible]past six

"With pleasure, [illegible] Any ch

"None whatever. [illegible]hall wa town for a few hour[illegible] get an a thing you like to se[illegible]e me."



Painting by C. Stanfield.—[See Page 948.]

d to go to the theatre
s one?"
e gone to our theatre,
k night, or a London
please my husband,
g in the way of an en-
own pleasure."
e names of the actors

nd one of them. But
theatricals, go and see
resser. He'll talk to
of our theatre, and the
e. He never cut my
idn't tell me how he
l a wig for the cele-
Lady Teazle in. It's

hall certainly look in
ere does he live?"
he side of Bethlehem
atre."
ick," said Humphrey,
to Mr. Clipcome at
e me the county crop.
lately. Perhaps you'll
e a little bit of dinner
past six."
Any choice?"
hall walk about your
get an appetite for any
e me."

"A very agreeable gentleman," thought Mrs. Chadwick, as Humphrey strolled out of the bar; "so chatty and friendly. Doesn't give himself half the airs of your commercial gents, yet any one can see he's altogether superior to them."

Humphrey Clissold strolled through the quiet old town, with its long straggling high street, graced here and there by a picturesque gable or an ancient lattice, but, for the most part, somewhat commonplace. At one point there was a kind of square, from which two lateral streets diverged, a square with a pump and police office in the centre, and a Methodist chapel on each side. One of these chapels, the newest and smartest, was Bethlehem, as an inscription over its portal made known to the world at large—Bethlehem, 1853—and at the side of Bethlehem, once the Temple of Thespis, there was a clean paved alley leading to another street—an alley with a public-house at one corner, and a few decent shops on one side facing the blank wall of the chapel. One of these shops was the emporium of Mr. Clipcome, who was at once tobacconist, hair-dresser, and dealer in fancy and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention.

Humphrey found Mr. Clipcome standing upon his threshold, contemplating life as exhibited in Play-house Court, where a small child in a go-cart and a woman cheapening bloaters at the green-grocer's were the only objects that presented themselves at this particular time to the student of humanity. But then Mr. Clipcome had an oblique view of the square, town-pump, and police station, and in a general way could see any thing that was going on from the vantage-ground of his door-step.

He was an elderly man, stout, and comfortable-looking, but balder than he ought to be, considering the resources of his art, and that he was himself the inventor of an infallible cure for baldness. But he may have preferred that smooth and shining surface as cooler and more comfortable than capillary embellishment. He wore a clean linen apron, with a comb or two stuck in the pocket thereof—an apron that was in itself an invitation to the passing pedestrian to have his hair cut. On seeing Mr. Clissold making for his door, Mr. Clipcome stepped aside with a smile and a bow, and made way for the stranger to enter his abode.

It was a very small abode, consisting of a shop and a little slip of a parlor behind it, both the pink of neatness, and both agreeably perfumed with hair-oil and lavender-water. There was a shining arm-chair with a high back, whereon the patient sat enthroned during the hair-cutting process. A looking-glass squeezed into an angle of the parlor reflected patient and operator. A pincushion hung beside it, balanced by a smart chintz bag containing a variety of implements. But the object which most struck Humphrey's eye was an old play-bill, smaller than modern play-bills and yellow with age, framed and glazed, and hanging against the wall as if it had been some choice work of art.

It was the programme of a performance of *Othello* that had taken place early in the century. "Othello, the Moor of Venice, Mr. Kean."

"You remember the great Kean?" said Humphrey.

"Yes, Sir," answered Mr. Clipcome, with pride. "I remember Edmund Kean, and I remember Charles Young, and Miss O'Neil, and Miss Foote, and Mrs. Nesbitt, and Mr. Macready, and a good deal more talent such as you're not likely to see in these days. Seacomb Theatre was worth going to in my boyhood."

"And you were an enthusiastic patron of the drama, I imagine?"

"If spending every sixpence of my pocket-money upon admission to the pit is a proof of enthusiasm, I was an enthusiast, Sir," replied Mr. Clipcome. "The sixpences which boys—well, I will venture to say boys of inferior mind—would have laid out upon cakes and apples, peg-tops, and such-like, I spent upon the drama. There's hardly a line of Shakspeare you could quote that I couldn't cap with another line. I used to go to the pit of that theatre twice a week while I was a youngster, and three or four times a week after my father's death, when I was in business for myself and my own master, and used to get a weekly order for exhibiting the bills. And though there were a good many opposed to the closing of the theatre forever, I don't believe there was any one in all Seacomb took it to heart as keenly as I did. 'Othello's occupation was gone.'"

"Why did they do away with your theatre at last?" asked Humphrey.

"Well, you see, Sir, the town had grown serious-minded, and for some years before they turned it into a chapel the theatre had been going down. The great actors and actresses were dead and gone, and the stars that were left didn't care about coming to Seacomb. Managers had been doing worse and worse year after year, business dwindling down to next to nothing, half salaries or no salaries toward the end of every season, and it became a recognized fact in the theatrical profession that Seacomb was no go. The actors and actresses that came here were sticks, or if not, they made up in rant what they wanted in talent. The county families left off coming to the place; there were no bespeaks, and the poor old theatre got to have a dilapidated, woe-begone look, so that it gave one the horrors to sit out a play. The actors looked hungry and out at elbows. It made one uncomfortable to see them. Many a time I asked one of them in to share my one-o'clock dinner, if it was but a potato pasty or a squab pie made with scrag of mutton. The stage-door used to be just opposite my shop. It's walled up now, but you may see the outline of it in the brick-work. The actors used to be always lounging about that doorway of a morning, on and off